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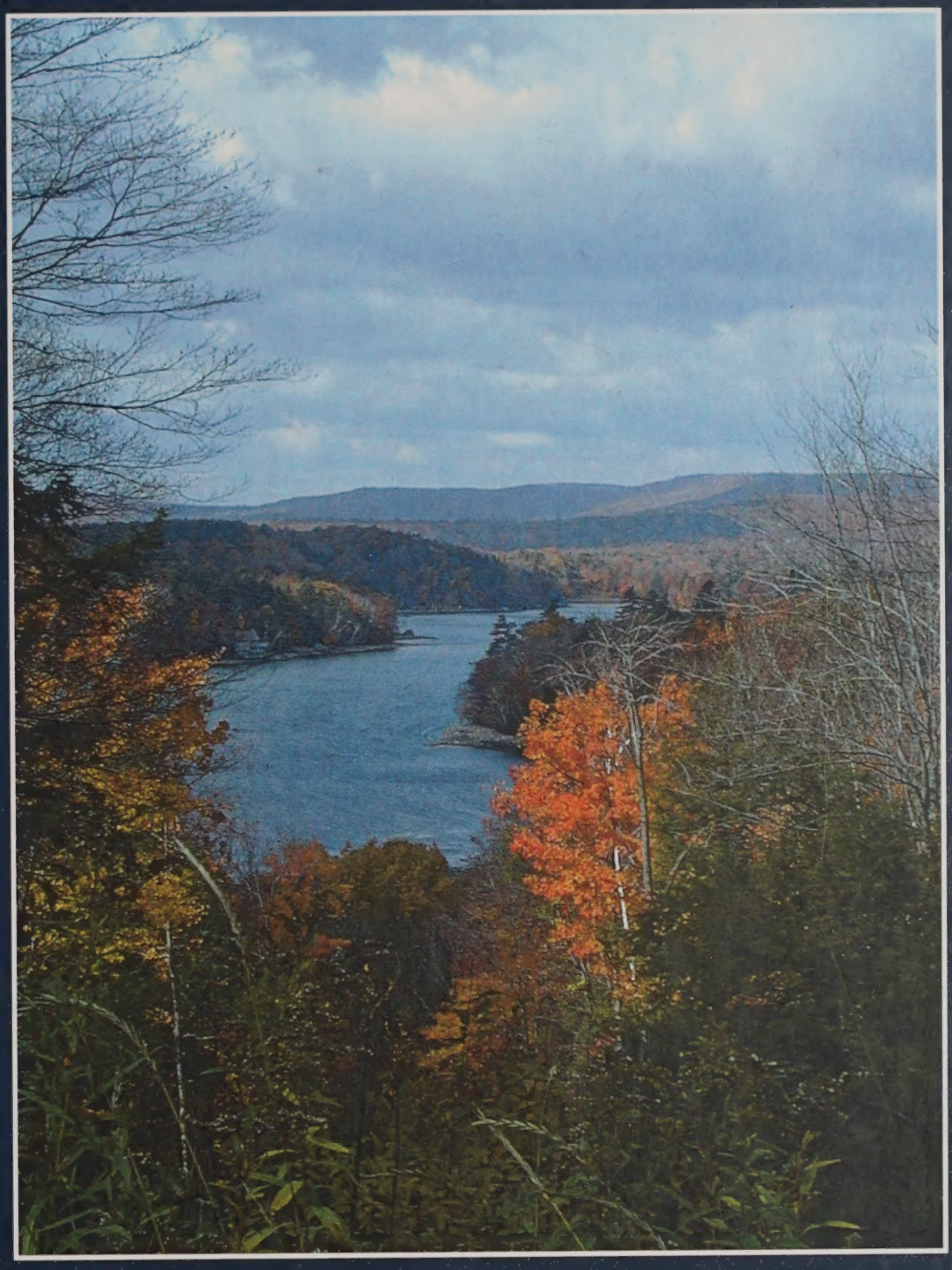
Monterey

Massachusetts



175th Anniversary Commemorative Book

1847-2022

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https://archive.org/details/montereymassachu00unse

Monterey's 175th Anniversary

We've only just begun...

WINTERFEST

February 20th

Kicking off Monterey's 175th Anniversary

It was a great time and place to kick off Monterey's 175th Anniversary. Monterey Community Center folks decided that, being in the midst of the pandemic, we were tired of distancing and having gatherings on Zoom. It was an opportunity to gather safely outside and see old friends and neighbors and meet new ones. The ambiance was provided by Mother Nature and Andrew Shaw, our DJ extraordinaire. We were also fortunate to have Tom Ryan and his daughter keeping a fire pit, Catherine Hurst helping children make candles and lanterns, Nadia Makuc leading a scavenger hunt, and Jo Ann Bell leading fun and frolic in the snow. There was not a lot of snow but that didn't stop people from making the best of what we did have.

Some people brought lawn chairs, others brought sleds, and no one walked away hungry. Volunteers pitched in. They brought chili and cooked hot dogs. The kids roasted marshmallows and had fun seeing just how much whipped cream they could get on their hot cocoa. It was a grand day just to be together, whether you were dancing, hula hooping, making a snow man, or just sitting or standing near the fire.

- Mary Makuc

FUN AT MONTEREY

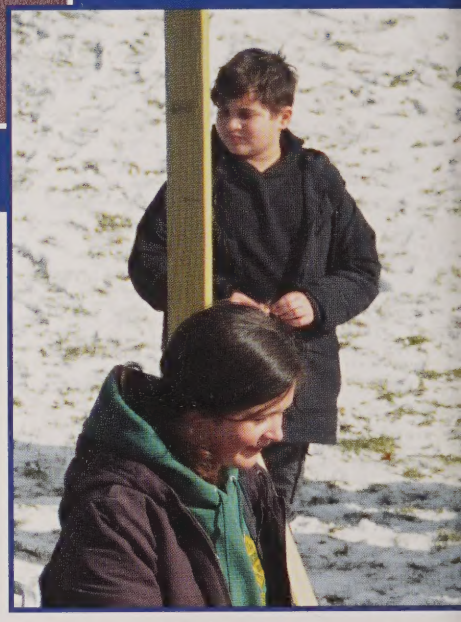
WINTERFEST

Monterey Community Center
Sunday Feb 20 1-3 PM

LUNCH Hot Dogs Chili Cookies
Cocoa & hot Cider

Fire Pit
Sledding Tobogganing
Snow Sculptures
(aka: snowman or snowperson)
Paper lantern making
Bring your own sled toboggan & lawnchairs

info: ccmonterey.org
2022 is the 175 anniversary of Monterey



Community Potluck *April 12th*

Good friends, good food, great times!

On the 175th anniversary of the day of Monterey's incorporation, April 12th, a community potluck was held in the Firehouse. There was a great turnout, an abundance of delicious foods, and a wonderful spirit of town pride and camaraderie. Joe Baker and Bonner McAllester played music, a commemorative speech by Peter Murkett was read, and a number of townsfolk spoke out to share their appreciation for our beautiful town and community. It was especially touching to many, since weekly potluck dinners had stopped with the pandemic, and this was one of the first opportunities to gather around a meal in over two years. Funds were also successfully raised for future 175th celebrations through donations and a raffle of Monterey goods, including 150th t-shirts, BOLA Granola, Gould Farm bagels, and a membership to the Bidwell House Museum. Montereyans were encouraged to wear their favorite Monterey t-shirts, though for the first time, 175th commemorative t-shirts and hats, made right in town by Monterey T-shirts, were made available - and they went quickly! The dinner was truly a special opportunity to gather and share in our love for Monterey.

– Aldeth Lewin

Memorial Day Parade *May 30th*

In Honor of Our Heroes

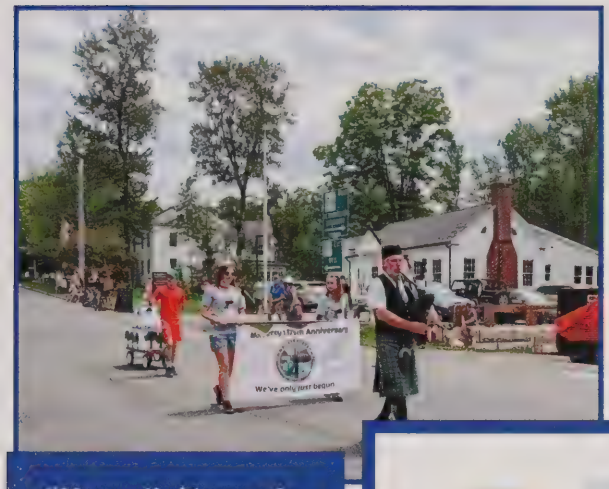
Memorial Day is a rallying call for all Americans and it is no different in Monterey Massachusetts. The whole town comes out to honor our freedom, those who have served and gave their lives and those who served and are still with us.

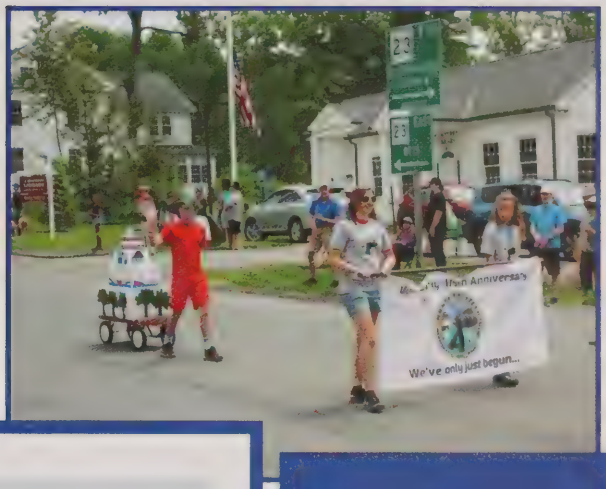
It's a very proud day for Montereyans with the parade participants lining up by 12 pm at the intersection of Route 57 and Main road. Family, friends, loved ones, and other near-by town members marching up Main street where we end with our traditional town "hot-dog" celebration.

The line-up this year was extraordinary, everyone coming out to be part of Monterey's 175th Anniversary. In many ways we re-created some things from the past. In other ways we took this opportunity to build new traditions.

Our newest select board member, Susan Cooper, was in a cast and on crutches due to a horse riding accident so she and Justin Makuc, our two select board members at the time, drove in an old pick-up truck. Children with wreaths to lay out sat in the bed of the truck and waved to the crowd. What a great tradition we started, until some old-timers reminded us, the kids always used to do the wreaths! And isn't that the story of Monterey? What is old is new and what is new is old.

–Ilene Marcus





"Up until this year I have only watched the parade. I was amazed at the willingness of all the groups to prepare for and March in the parade. It took a lot of work behind the scenes. But when it was time, it was like everyone just knew what to do. I look forward to next year."

Tom Sawyer, Parade Committee

MONTEREY 175TH ANNIVERSARY

MEMORIAL DAY PARADE

Monday May 30th, 2022 - 1 pm

In Honor of Those Who Died in the Service of the United States Armed Forces

The Parade Line of March

- The Color Guard
- Mike Dalton, Pipe Major of the Berkshire Highlanders
- Celebrating Monterey's 175th Anniversary: Birthday Cake
- Monterey Select Board
- Monterey Library sponsored by the Friends of the Monterey Library
- Gould Farm
- Our Lady of the Hills Chapel: "Make Me a Channel of Your Peace"
- Monterey News
- Mount Everett Golden Eagle Marching Band
- Bidwell House Museum
- Monterey Fire Department
- The Farm New Marlborough
- Hume New England
- Monterey Community Center and Native Plants Working Group
- Gymnastics Unlimited Performance Team 2022
- Monterey Coffee Club
- New England Antique Fire Trucks
- Ed Harvey
- New Marlborough Fire Department
- Solstice Farm Icelandic Horses

Be Part of Monterey History

Join us at the Firehouse for some Post-Parade Fun!

Hot Dogs
Freeze Pops
Music
Friendship
Town Photo

The Parade Committee

Ilene Marcus
Tom Sawyer
Olivia Tuttle
Justin Makuc

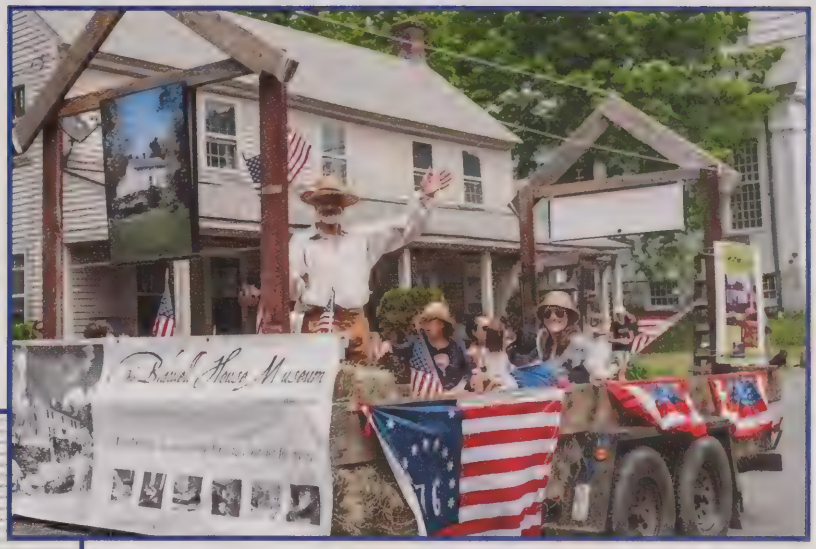
Follow the parade to the Firehouse Pavilion for the Town Photo before Hot Dogs!

Special Thanks to:
Radius Crane and Rigging - Flying the American Flag
Andrew Shaw - Announcing the parade
Hume New England - Cooking and serving food after the parade
Peter Poirier - Music at the Firehouse
Monterey's 175th Anniversary Celebration Planning Committee

"This was my first time participating in the parade. It was wonderful to see everyone gathered together to celebrate and feel all the positive spirit generated by the parade."

Susan Cooper, Select Board

"I like photographing the parade because it reconnects me with my hometown. I'm able to capture shared moments and memorialize them forever. The Monterey parades are always a great show of community connection, proving our tiny Berkshire town has so much to offer."



"I have marched in the Monterey Memorial Day parade for 8 cumulative years, 7 of which were with the Mount Everett Golden Eagle Band. This past year was special because I had the privilege of marching in the parade while taking on a different role. By marching in the parade and raising the American flag this year, I was able to represent and honor all those who have fought and are still fighting for our country."

Donovan Sawyer

"I marched in the yearly parade as a child in Brownies, a member of the Monterey Yankees baseball team and later as a band member for Mt Everett High School. I also had the honor of helping to pull the little red wagon with the 'cake' commemorating the Anniversary of the town. 125th? I'm 56 now! I did not attend the 175th parade. I no longer live in Monterey.

Growing up in Monterey on Lake Garfield where my grandparents ran Kinne's Grove was a true gift. I have so many sweet memories. From Mr Phoenix at the General Store to Wally at the Post Office. Nursery school in the basement of the library then on to kindergarten at the one room schoolhouse. Swim lessons at 7:00 am with Mrs Amidon (cold plunge before it was a thing) to hiking the woods with the Gauthier boys for hours. Little League, rotten tomato fights on Halloween, working in the General Store and getting married at the church where my parents were married many years ago. Monterey will always hold a sweet place in my heart."

Hannah Moran

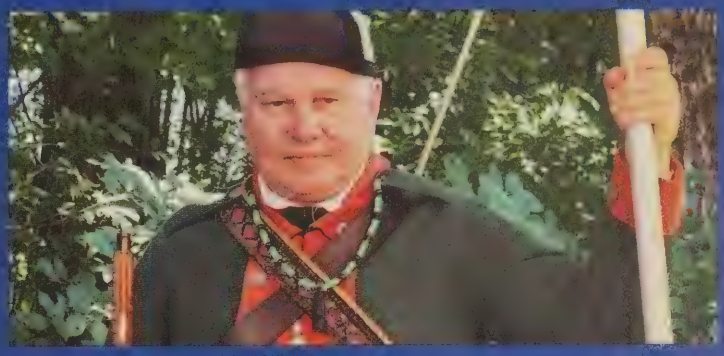
"It was an honor to be in the parade commemorating the 175th anniversary of Monterey as a member of the Select Board. I am grateful for all of the organizations and people that participated by marching in the parade, all those that came to support the parade, and everyone who worked to prepare and make the parade possible."
Justin Makuc, Select Board

Bidwell Country Fair *June 25th*

Celebrate Monterey's History

Begun in 2010, Township #1 Day, later renamed The Bidwell Country Fair, is a free community day hosted by the Bidwell House Museum in the summer to celebrate the history of Monterey and Tyringham. Each Fair is a little bit different, but all share the same spirit of history and community. Residents of Monterey are invited to spend the afternoon on the grounds of the Museum to enjoy music, food, crafts and games. In recent years the Fair has presented baking contests, historical lectures, garden tours, craft demonstrations with local artisans, friendly animals, fern mazes and more. The Bidwell House Museum is so grateful for the Monterey community and in 2022 we were happy that the Bidwell Country Fair was one of the many town events celebrating Monterey's 175th anniversary.

–Heather Kowalski



Steak Roast *July 30th*

Fire up the grill!

The 2022 annual Fire Company Steak Roast took place on the last Saturday in July, July 30th, at the fire department pavilion. This year was similar to other years in that many townspeople came out to support the Fire Company, get a delicious dinner, and spend time with their friends and neighbors. About 550 people came and were served their steak or shrimp fresh off the wood fire grill. The meal, as always, came with corn on the cob, a dinner roll, salad, a baked potato, and cake and ice cream for dessert. For those who wanted it, there was a to go meal option which was first instituted during Covid and has remained due to its popularity. Local beer was on tap along with wine and soda. Peter Poirier and his band played their classic 1950s blues which was the perfect accompaniment to the festive mood. The weather was perfect, not too hot and no rain in sight. The execution of the evening was seamless, as always, thanks to the hard work of the fire fighters and other volunteers.

–Carly Detterman

ORDER TICKETS ONLINE
WWW.MONTEREYFIRE.ORG
MONTEREY 1 FIRE COMPANY
Steak Roast
July 30TH

Library Book Sale *July 30th*

So many books, so little time!

The annual Friends of the Monterey Library Book and Plant Sale took place on July 30, 2022. It was a beautiful day and there was a wonderful turnout from the community. From children's books to DVDs to fiction and nonfiction books of all types, there was something for everyone. Donations of gently used books and DVDs were made to the library throughout the year and organized by category. The plant sale was also a big hit once again this year. The event was a success because of the tireless efforts of volunteers, both throughout the year, and in the days leading up to and during the sale, as well as the support of the Monterey community. All proceeds benefited the Friends of the Monterey Library.

–Carey Vella

PLANT SALE!
ALL PLANTS ONCE AGAIN DONATED BY
CLARKS NURSERY
ROUTE 102 LEE

Friends of the Monterey Library
OPEN A BOOK
GROW YOUR MIND

Lakefest *August 6th*

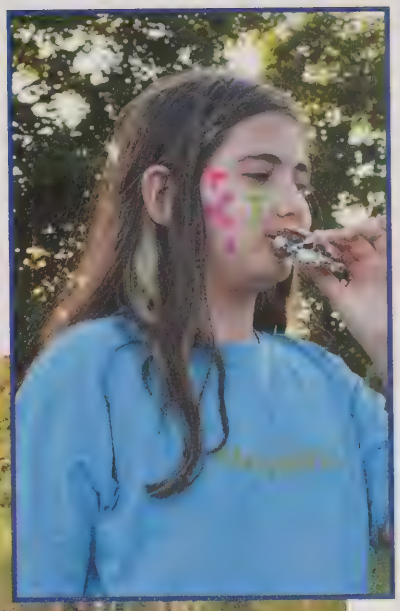
Life is better at the lake

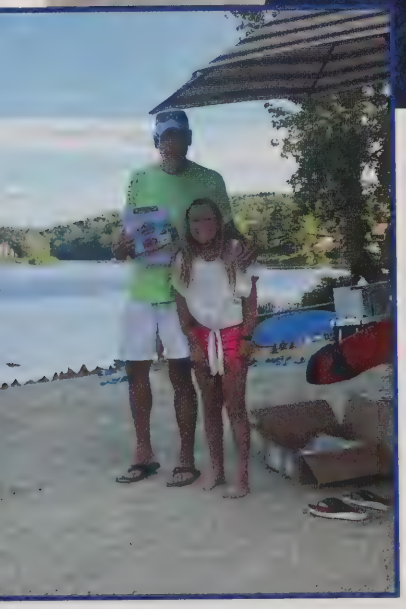
On Saturday, August 6, Montereyans joined together for this year's Lakefest, a long standing tradition at the Lake Garfield beach, celebrating our access to the lake, community, and the natural beauty we see every day. After a rain delay, we had an early afternoon-into-evening event filled with great conversations, catching up with old friends, meeting new friends, and enjoying the warm breeze.

We had face painting and a sand castle contest with prizes for all participants. There were hot dogs with all the fixings and watermelon provided by Gould Farm. Later we were entertained by amazing music from a dock right across the lake. Bobby Sweet and Lara Tupper's soulful voices came across loud and clear amidst the gently lapping lake. They chose songs marking a moment in time to embrace our love for the lake, our community, and our lives.

Lakefest culminated with a campfire and many, many, s'mores roasted on huge sticks for a very "Sweet Lakefest."

–Ilene Marcus and Mary Makuc





Monterey's Attic and Monterey Piecemakers

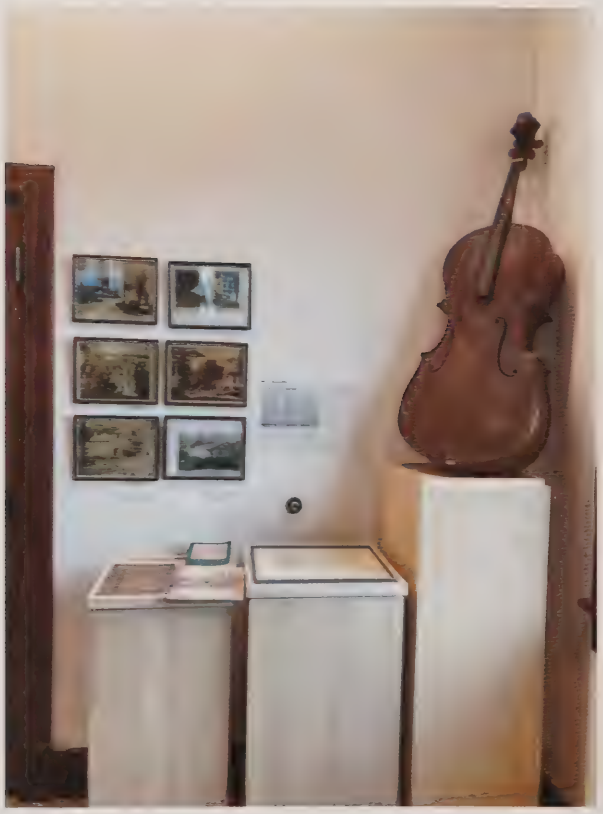
July 1 to July 23

History in the making

The recently reinvigorated Monterey Historical Society put on an impressive exhibit at the library called "Monterey's Attic." The history exhibit, which was done in partnership with the Bidwell House Museum, ran from July 1 to July 23 and featured artifacts from Monterey's past.

As part of the exhibit's opening, the Monterey Piecemakers unveiled their newest and final quilt to celebrate the town's 175th anniversary. The quilting group was founded by Barbara Tryon and Carole Zarlin in order to make a quilt celebrating the town's 150th anniversary. The group continued to meet and work on quilts together that were raffled off to support local causes including the Monterey United Church of Christ, The Bidwell House, Gould Farm, Volunteers in Medicine, and the Monterey Community Center. The four remaining members, Marcia Doelman, Pam Johnson, Mary Kate Jordan and Sally Pullen, decided to end the group with one last quilt to honor the town's 175th anniversary. The quilt features local trees in a beautiful pattern with each square representing a different type of tree. It has been donated to the town for all to enjoy for generations to come.

–Aldeth Lewin



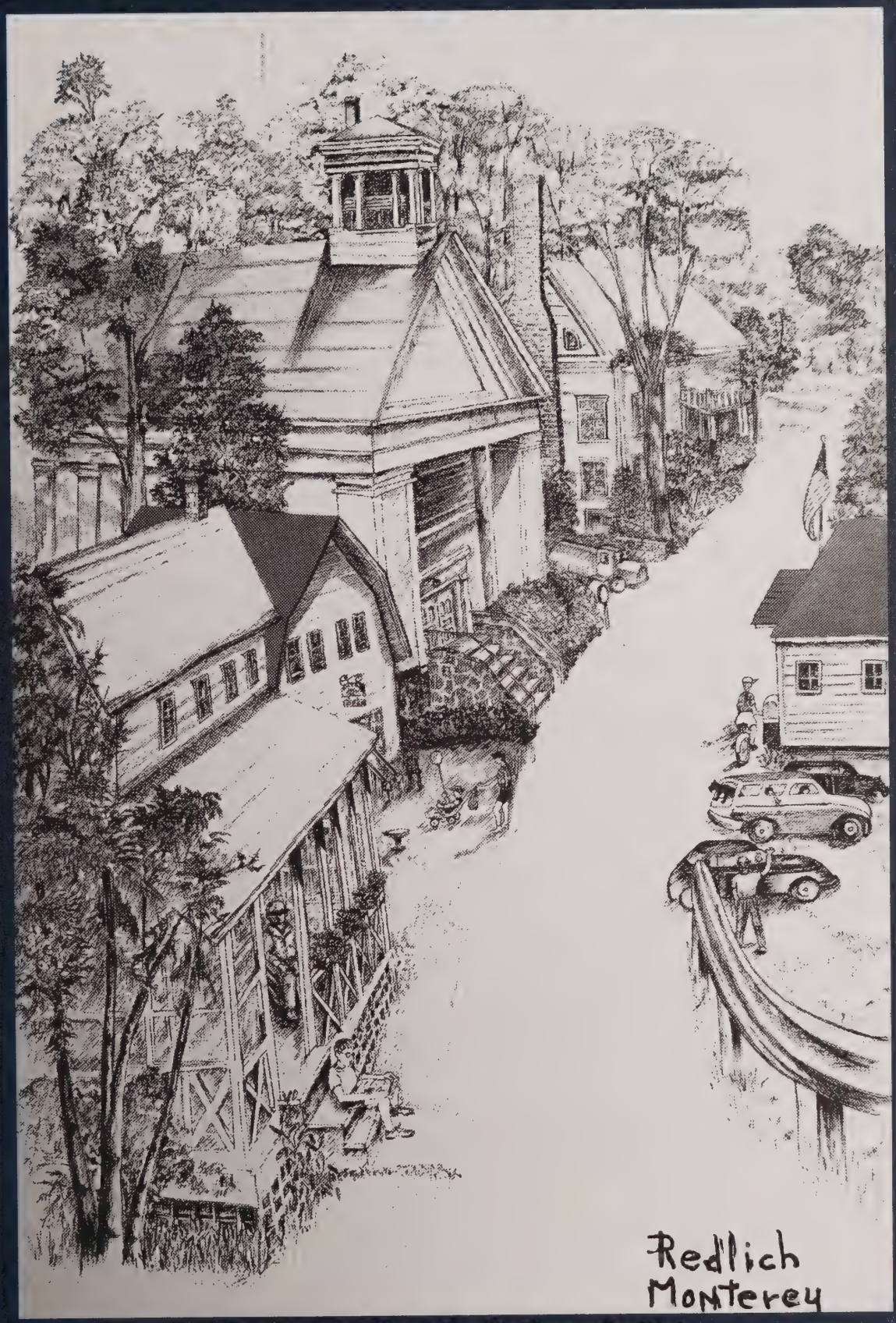
TOWN OF MONTEREY
1841
1991

The Monterey Historical Society

Monterey's 175th Anniversary
We've only just begun...

TOWN OF MONTEREY
1841
1991

OUR TOWN



Drawing by Dorothy Hoffman Redlich

The Library

By Mark Makuc

One of the most successful state programs run by the Massachusetts Board of Library Commissioners is the Public Library Construction Program. Since its inception in 1987, 65 new libraries and 165 renovations and additions have been funded in part by the Commissioners, which is a large percentage of the 351 communities in the state.

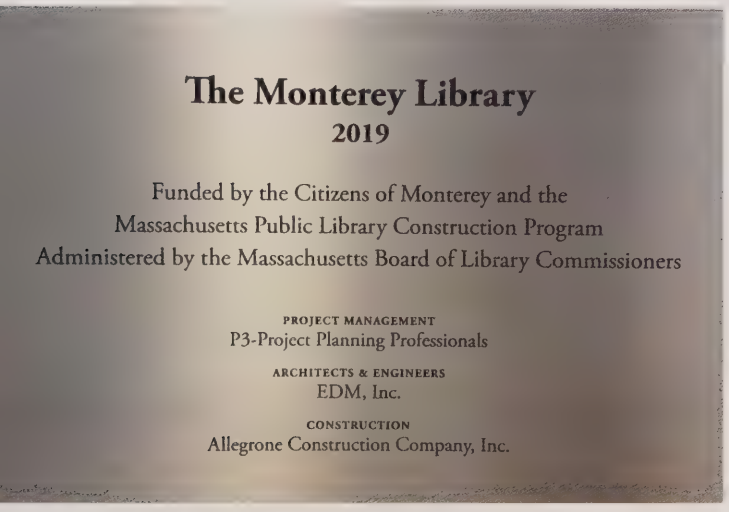
The first dedicated building as a public library in Monterey was opened at the site of the current Post Office in 1891. The Monterey Improvement Society donated the building and worked on sprucing it up. While we don't know exactly what the founders were thinking, it's clear they wanted the library to be at the center of the town. Easy access and high visibility must have been priorities. At the same time the center of town was suffering the loss of some of the mills on the river. The original saw and grist mills of the town, built in 1739, were on the other side of the Langdon Store, and when that site became vacant, the Monterey Dramatic Society acquired the land in the hope of building a theater. We don't know why that dream never became reality, but when the Society had given up, they sold the site in 1926 for one dollar to the town to build a library.

It took a few years for that to happen. Local citizens, led by the Tryon Family, raised money. In 1931, Dick Bidwell built a library on the current site. At the time there was no central heat. There was a bathroom with running water in the basement, though no hot water. Imagine the preschool in the library basement in the 1960's with no hot water. But the library thrived and did what it was supposed to do. Books were loaned and returned. Programming happened. People would sit outside and read and enjoy the site.

It became increasingly clear that if the library were to be fully accessible to all, be better suited for current technology, and have a child friendly environment, the facility would need to be updated. Fortunately there was the Library Construction Program. The mandated process included examining the site of the current library, and investigating at least two other sites. The two other sites were not in the center of the village, and would have taken a lot of money to develop. There was a lot to consider. Ease of access, visibility, parking (which had not been a consideration in 1931!), available utilities, and environmental regulations concerning the Konkapot were some of the factors.

After studying the sites with the architect and the engineer, it was decided to keep the library in the center of the village. That meant more creative work. Adding to the 1931 building was possible, but the site was not conducive to expansion. Where would there be parking? How to add on to the original and yet have new and old coexist?

Perhaps the biggest hurdle turned out to be the Massachusetts Rivers Protection Act. We spent many hours designing and doing things that would not even be visible to protect the resource. We had to find an equivalent spot on the river that could be turned back to the wild, in order to make up for our disturbing our resource area. Gould Farm allowed some of their agricultural land to be returned to wild riverbank. Our site engineer made sure the runoff from the parking lot does not go directly into the river. First it passes through spaces designed to filter out oils and any solids that are in the runoff. Then the runoff goes through an underground chamber designed to allow the water to filter slowly through the ground before it eventually makes its way into the river. No one would imagine that system by looking at what appears to be a normal parking lot. Thanks to Gould Farm and our design team! Starting in September of 2018, and finished by July 5, 2019, the addition and renovation of the Monterey Library was funded by the construction grant from the State, the Town, and the Friends of the Monterey Library.



Leaving the library in the center of the village has many advantages. A beautiful waterfall visible from the deck and the building windows, proximity to the post office and town hall, and high visibility in the town center are a few of them. On another level it symbolizes the commitment of the town to a community of learning and exchanging ideas. Libraries have been part of the foundation of democracy. Though the library is now classified as Culture and Recreation in the town budget, it used to be listed under Education. Libraries are certainly more than the former, but whether it is a societal equalizer or just a recreational reading source, the Monterey Library is here for all. We are thankful to the dedicated design team that did go the extra mile to protect the river, and the Conservation Commission who helped guide us through the regulations and accepted our engineer's solutions for issues that weren't considered in 1931 when the original library was built.

Without the overwhelming support of the town our new library would be just a dream. That support was in the form of assisting in planning the building, voting for it, financing it, and even in all the volunteer help moving everything out of and back into the new building! We are so fortunate to live in a part of the world that values a public and free library, even in a small community like Monterey.

The Community Center

By Joe Baker and Mary Makuc

"This property echoes in real historical time the migration and development of Monterey. It also embodies the spirit of those who lived here before us. It seems most fitting that its use continue as a vital resource in our community." –Cynthia J. Weber, founding board member of the Friends of Wilson McLaughlin House.

When Edith Wilson passed away in 1995, she bequeathed her house and land (28.6 acres) to the Town of Monterey with the stipulation that her old farmhouse be used for a municipal purpose. At Town Meeting in May 1996, the townspeople accepted her gift. A committee was appointed, several plans were researched and abandoned, and finally the committee of 2004 settled on a plan of renovation to create a community center.

Years passed with progress slowly moving forward. The Friends of Wilson McLaughlin House (FWMH) eventually raised over $300,000, with support from Monterey voters, the Massachusetts Cultural Council, private donations and event income. The renovation was completed using professionals where necessary, but primarily the work of many dedicated volunteers. Without the initial hard work organizing and ongoing support of Cynthia Weber, Lew Sheffey and Shirley Olds for many years this project would not have moved forward as it did.

On April 12, 2017, over 12 years after the decision to create the community center, the Certificate of Occupancy was granted and the doors were finally opened.

Edith Wilson

Edith Wilson was a long-time resident of Monterey whose enduring contributions to the town enrich us all. Born in Cairo, Illinois, she moved to Monterey in 1942 with her life partner, Marjorie McLaughlin. Edith was a versatile artist, working as a painter, sculpture and architect. Many of her oil paintings are in the possession of the Town, with some hanging currently in the Town Hall. Her design for the Town Seal still represents Monterey on many a document, t-shirt and coffee mug.

Ms. Wilson was active in town affairs for many years, serving on the School Board, Planning Board, Board of Appeals and Historical Commission. She was a pivotal figure in the establishment of the first Zoning By-Law in town and the initial Planning Board. She worked on the effort to pass State legislation allowing election of Planning Board officials, and Monterey became the first township in the Commonwealth to elect a Planning Board. In addition to her bequest of house and land to the Town, Edith Wilson also established a scholarship fund which continues to assist Monterey youth with their college expenses.

A Timeline of the Community Center's Development from 1995 through Opening Day, April 12, 2017

After Ms. Wilson passed away in the summer of 1995, the Town voted in May 1996 to accept her gift of house and land. From 1996 to 2004, the Wilson McLaughlin House (WMH) committee researched various options, and removed the addition from the house.

In the summer of 2004, the WMH committee settled on a plan for a Community Center that would run as a non-profit corporation. That December, the Friends of Wilson McLaughlin House (FWMH) filed to incorporate and within a few months was granted non-profit status. At Town Meeting in 2005, the town voted to lease the house to FWMH to create the Community Center.

In March 2006, FWMH hired Clark & Green Architects of Great Barrington. Fundraising kicked off, including a tag sale, lectures, and a quilt created by the Monterey Piecemakers to be auctioned. Private donations and a grant from the Berkshire Taconic Community Foundation came in as seed money. Throughout 2008 and 2009, the plan to renovate the main floor of the house shaped up, and FWMH applied for and received the necessary building permits.

April 2010 marked the opening of the Community Garden at the Center, and the first annual Seedling Sale. By summer, the Garden was flourishing, and the town renewed its 5-year lease with the FWMH. 2011 was marked by a new driveway, the removal of hazardous materials, and in October, the first Community Center Fun Day.

Fundraising efforts grew over the next few years, including votes by the Town in 2012 and 2013 to award $10,000 and $45,000, respectively. Meanwhile, renovations began, with professionals hired where needed, and dedicated volunteers including Joe Baker, Mike Banner, Steve Moore, Mark Amstead and sons, and Roy Carwile, working steadily on this labor of love. Several local contractors made in-kind donations: Tryon Construction, Carlson Propane, Herrington Lumber, Eric Pederson Construction, and more. Lead paint was removed, the basement/subfloor was completed, and architect Steve McAlister was hired to re-design the main structure. In 2014, the Massachusetts Cultural Council Facilities Fund awarded $40,000, and renovations included new steel beams and a new stairway. The "Buy a Window" campaign began, and by December, all 27 windows had been purchased!

From 2015 to 2017, renovations continued steadily, to include plumbing, electric, heat, carpentry, flooring, and all the final steps. These projects were aided by awards of $40,000 and $25,000 from the Town and the MA Cultural Council, respectively.

On April 12, 2017, years of fundraising and devoted work paid off as vision became reality: the Certificate of Occupancy was granted. The Center's first public event, a stretch class hosted by the Council on Aging, was held that day.

The Community Center's First Years

The goal of the Monterey Community Center (MCC) is to enhance the artistic, cultural, social, and recreational life of the Town of Monterey. The MCC seeks continued input from town boards and agencies, adapting its programs and offerings to serve the community's changing needs.

In the first year, the MCC, led by a volunteer Program Committee under the guidance of FWMH, served the community through a variety of programs, including yoga, board games, cards, croquet, music offerings, art classes, crafts, a holiday sale, a cookie swap, as well as providing meeting space for other groups. The number of participants attending per month steadily increased. Volunteer event coordinator Mary Makuc helped to organize and promote these offerings, many of which were sponsored by the Council on Aging.

Fiscal Year 2018-2019 was a year of growth and transition. The year started with several events, activities or programs each week, and ended with a program or two almost every day. The MCC was preparing to transition from a private non-profit group to a municipal entity. While the MCC had been run completely by volunteers and overseen by the FWMH Board, with advice from the Program Committee, in 2019 this went from a volunteer group to a Town Committee, and a Community Center Coordinator was hired.

The MCC continued to be a favorite venue for Council on Aging events, as well as new groups such as a community chorus and the Darn Yarners. The Center continued hosting meetings for town and other local organizations, and offering music performances and seasonal events. The Garden flourished under the leadership of dedicated volunteers of all ages. It was also a time of transition in the Community Center. Joe Baker, the director of the Center and president of FWMH, retired, passing off the torch to Laurie Shaw. Two longtime Board members, Shirley Olds and Cynthia Weber, passed that year, and donations were given in their memory to the MCC.

Though programming continued to expand from 2019 into the early months of 2020, the Covid-19 pandemic precipitated a shift. The MCC adapted, as some groups and offerings switched to Zoom, and others found ways to meet in masked, socially distant fashion. In July of 2020, with the dedication of many volunteers, outdoor events began to be offered under a tent. The MCC became a hub for community organizing, hand in hand with the Library. Together, volunteers organized Covid aid support, sewing and distributing masks, spreading the word about food and transportation aid, and making tests, and eventually vaccines, available. Laurie Shaw's leadership as Chair of the Committee during these uncertain times was much appreciated.

The MCC continued to creatively serve the community in 2020 to 2021, with events from outdoor jewelry making to Zoom poetry readings, to the First Annual Chestnut Talk and Roasting. With increased vaccination rates came a return to in-person programming. We cannot overstate the hard work of Nancy Kleban, who was instrumental with handling the website, calendar, and essential details, throughout these years of growth and transition. Also, behind the scenes we are indebted to our videographer Wendy Germain and our FWMH treasurer Evelyn Vallianos.

The MCC continues to provide for the community in innovative ways. Ongoing groups include Al Anon, Chair Yoga, Bridge, Mahjong, Tai Chi, Darn Yarners, Super Gentle Yoga, Coffee Club, Ping Pong, and the Native Pollinator Group. Seasonal classes, talks, musical offerings, and community gatherings happen in abundance throughout the year. The MCC is a place for cultural enrichment and connection, and proves to be an invaluable space for community members to share their resources, skills and lives together.

Painting by Leonard Weber

Monterey United Church of Christ

By Hannah Fries

While Monterey is celebrating its 175th anniversary, the Monterey Church is celebrating its 273rd. The church first gathered in 1750 near the center of what was then Township No. 1, when Rev. Adonijah Bidwell arrived to be the first minister. We now gather in a meetinghouse built in 1850, in an elegantly simple sanctuary, the tall clear windows looking out on whatever season is currently settling over Monterey, whether the air is filled with snow or leaves or petals.

Over the centuries, this space that holds us—and which we, in turn, hold among us—has seen baptisms, marriages, and funerals. It has seen laughter and tears and everything in between, the stuff of our lives. We hold and are held by this space every Sunday morning, no matter what is happening in the world, even when we cannot be there physically.

Our pastor, Rev. Liz Goodman, has been with us since 2001, her tenure a great blessing to our small congregation. And while the church has a long history in this place, we look forward more than we look back. We are proud to be an "open and affirming" congregation and welcome all who feel called to join us. We strive to orient ourselves around love and the self-giving example of Christ.

After all these years, we are still here, still wondering and seeking, still singing and praying together, still being surprised by God.

The doors are open.

The Monterey School

By Susan Andersen

I was lucky enough to spend my working life with young children anxious to learn new things every day.The good things you build with your help and a smile build you. Sometimes you breeze through life like you're floating on a cloud. Sometimes we have to muddle through or chew our way through. Life isn't always filled to the brim. It's full of problems. None of them are original. They say all you have to do is keep your buggy on the road. I know that the secret to life is there isn't one. Happily it's most bearable when our hearts are full. Love doesn't make the world go round but it makes the trip worthwhile.

My father-in-law always told my children to eat the dessert first. It annoyed me at the time. Looking back over my years at the Monterey School I realize I ate the dessert first most of my working life. The unexpected joy of spending time with young children anxious for friendship and knowledge words can't uncloud. Perhaps the most important contribution to life is the possession of friendship. I had the exquisite opportunity to watch knowledge and friendship grow for years at the Monterey School. **THANK YOU MONTEREY!**

The Fire Department

By Keegan Wellauer

The Monterey Fire Department began providing Fire Protection service to the residents of Monterey in 1930 with Wallace Tryon as the first chief. In 1954 then led by Fire Chief Raymond "Ray" Tryon, the Department responded to just a small number of fires per year. At the sound of the fire whistle, firefighters from all across town raced to the small, one-bay firehouse located just east of town to respond with the fire truck. With nothing but their work clothes, hand tools, and water pulled from nearby lakes and ponds; the fires were put out with hours of hard work.

With the need for a larger and more modern firehouse in mind, the Monterey Fire Company built the current, 3-bay station located at 411 Main Road, just east of the center of town in July of 1980. The Firehouse has since been renovated to allow offices, bunkrooms, a classroom, and a kitchen.

In 2003, the Monterey Fire Department responded to a plane crash in Beartown State Forest. Through waist deep snow and sub-zero wind chills, responders from throughout the region trekked into the woods and searched for several hours before finding the wreckage in a remote area. Using only small hand tools, Monterey Firefighters were able to cut apart the plane and rescue three children and their father. Two children and their mother were found dead within the wreckage. Their father later died in the hospital.

Fast forward to today, the need for Fire and Emergency Medical Services in town has become more important than ever. Now led by Fire Chief Shawn Tryon, the Department holds 25 members and responds to approximately 200 incidents per year. The Department trains vigorously in "all-hazards" including Firefighting, Emergency Medical Services, Technical Rescue, and Hazardous Material Response. In 2020, the Department worked through the unprecedented COVID-19 pandemic, responding to a 22% increase in emergencies.

In addition to answering emergency calls, the Monterey Fire Department and Monterey Fire Company have become a big part of the community. Fire inspections, fire prevention, and community outreach are common jobs performed by our members. Since 1977, the Fire
Company has hosted the Annual Steak Roast, drawing hundreds of people to town for a night of food, drinks, and live music on the last Saturday in July.

The Monterey Fire Department strives on building excellence and community. We are always recruiting new members. For those interested and looking for more information, please visit our website at www.montereyfire.org or stop by the station in the evening.

Fire Company Steak Roasts

By Carly Detterman

The 45th Monterey Fire Company Steak Roast was celebrated during the 175th year of the Town of Monterey. The first steak roast was held in 1977 and has been on the last Saturday of July ever since. This iconic event is a favorite for many from Monterey and usually around 600 people show up to support the fire department and have the best steak dinner in town. Like most things, the steak roast has changed and evolved with times. The firefighters first envisioned the steak roast as a way to bring the community together. At the time, the fire station was at its old location across from the now community center so the first steak roast was held at Green Park. It took quite a lot of organizing to get the first event off the ground. A few weeks before the firefighters drove around to places like the Umpachene Grange, the Masonic Lodge, and the Great Barrington Sportsman's club to collect enough tables and chairs for the event and a large tent was erected in the park a few days before. Someone in town had an old refrigerator truck and donated it to the cause and it was used to chill the upwards of 15 kegs of beer along with the other perishables. The meal was prepped in the basement of the Monterey Grange (now the Town Hall) and the steak was cooked on the same oil barrel wood fire grills that are used today. Tickets were sold by fire fighters going door to door and a total of 300 townspeople came to the first event. There were multiple bands to suit all music tastes, and this resulted in a party that persisted past midnight, likely fueled by the refrigerator truck of beer. The event was a success, and over the coming year the event took on a life of its own and evolved into what it is today.

In 1982 the new fire station was built in its current location, and in the mid 1980s the pavilion was constructed which allowed the steak roast to be held in the fire fighters' back yard. The compressor from the old refrigerator truck was used to run the walk in cooler that is still in use. Over the years the steak roast has morphed from a late night raucous celebration to a more subdued family event, but it is still an all hands on deck community effort. Everyone has a specific job that they continue to do year after year, and new members are added into the fold. In 2020, during the Covid-19 pandemic, there was talk of canceling the steak roast altogether, but the Fire Company members agreed that the community needed a unifying event more than ever. They organized perhaps the country's only fully masked drive-through steak roast serving around 500 meals . Gone are the days of knocking on doors for ticket sales and now tickets can be purchased with a click of a button on your phone. Over the years the Fire Company has lost many of their founding members who are remembered fondly at each steak roast. Time marches on, but it is still marked by this yearly event.

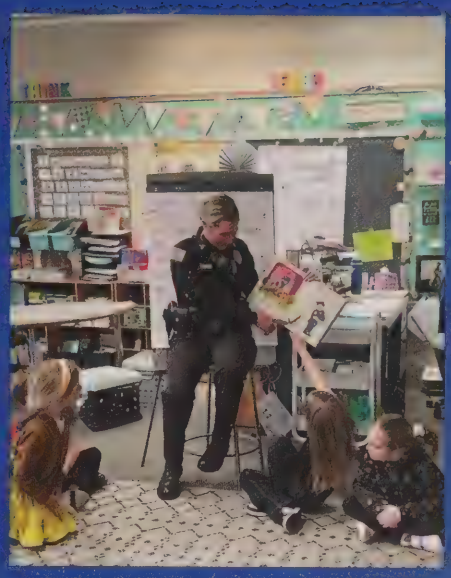
After 45 years the operations of the steak roast are down to a science, executed with the precision that is expected from a well-oiled team. The Fire Company now owns their own tables and they are set up in the pavilion during the week before the event. The night before, fire department members and volunteers gather to wash potatoes and prep salads. The next morning they all regather bright and early to make shrimp skewers, shuck corn and to get the wood fire burning. The fires get started early in order to be at cooking temperature by meal time. Little has changed with the menu over the years. The meal consists of steak (or seafood option) salad, baked potato, corn on the cob, a dinner roll, and cake and ice cream for dessert. For years the seafood option was swordfish, but then during the pandemic when only to go options were offered, shrimp skewers were used as a more portable option and they were such a big hit they remained. Gourmet pepper butter has recently been added as a topping for the already perfect steak. There are hot dogs and hamburgers for the kids or those with a smaller appetite. There is always music and entertainment to fit the mood, and some years have featured extras like a jester to entertain the children or a dunk tank. In a few years the steak roast will celebrate its 50th year and although details of the event have changed over time, the most important element has always been the Fire Company being thankful for the community's support for their most important fundraiser of the year.

The Police Department

By Brian Fahey

The Monterey Police Department has a long history here and can trace its roots to 1872 with the town's first constable, M.C. Langdon. Monterey has had a continuous constable since its inception more than 150 years ago. The position is currently held by Julio Rodriguez. The role of Town Constable has changed over the years from the early days of enforcing order to today where they are still an integral part of the civil process. You may see our constable at our town elections and he has to sign his name to the town warrant for every town meeting and special town meeting for it to be a legal town meeting. As you can imagine we have had quite a few constables over the years from 1877 to today.

The first police department was formed in 1931 with J.H. Johnson as its police chief. Chief Johnson had two officers, Parker Harmon and John Bills. This was a newly formed department and quickly went through changes. The department back then was an on call department with the Chief responding to calls via telephone from his house. This was pretty standard at the time for rural departments. Parker Harmon took over as chief and ran the department for 24 years from 1933-1957 becoming one of our longest serving Chiefs. In 1957 William Perry took over as chief and he stayed on for 1 year, leaving the department in 1958. Clarence C. Kinne was the Chief of Police from 1959-1961 until Thaddeus Falcon came on. Chief Falcon was the Chief for 10 years from 1962-1972. Doug Lyman, who many residents still remember was Police Chief for 17 years from 1972-1989. After Chief Lyman retired, Gordon Hamm took over as Chief for several years until Gareth Backhaus took over in 1992. As of this writing Chief Backhaus is the longest serving Officer and Chief that Monterey has ever known. As Chief and as a Patrol Officer he has devoted more than 34 years to the town. The Police Department has gone through many changes over the years and we owe a lot of its modernization to Chief Backhaus. After Chief Backhaus's retirement, Sergeant Brian D. Fahey was promoted to the position of Chief of Police in January of 2023. Prior to becoming Chief he served as the Department's Sergeant for 5 years. As of this writing he is the current Police Chief of Monterey. The department today consists of 3 full time officers including the Chief and 4 part time officers.



Since the department's inception 92 years until today it has undergone many changes. Over the years it has seen many different leaders and officers but its dedication to the citizens of Monterey has remained unchanged. Our motto is **"Working for a Safer Community"** and that's what we strive for every day. The Monterey Police Department would like to congratulate the town on its 175th anniversary and wish it 175 more prosperous years.

Painting by Marguerite Bride

The General Store

By Stephanie Grotz

I moved to Monterey in the early seventies with my young family. The General Store was owned and operated by Albert and Frances Phoenix at that time who, if I recall correctly, also lived upstairs in the building. I have a very strong memory of opening that large, creaky door for the first time and taking in that unique slant of light. I immediately fell in love with the place. As I picture it, there was a counter with stools on the left at that time. But even more intriguing to me was the wall on the right with all those wooden drawers! If you would ask for something—black thread? wrapping paper? birthday candles?– one of the owners, usually Mrs. Phoenix, would lead you over to those cavernous drawers, slide them open and, more often than not, find exactly what you were looking for. I was always floored by how well stocked that store seemed to be and by how well the Phoenixes kept track of all that inventory! I'm still in awe!

After the Phoenixes left, later in the seventies, the store seemed to flounder a bit. I believe there were a few different owners until the early eighties when the store was purchased and renovated by the Scheffeys and Maynard Forbes was hired as the manager. I was lucky enough to work at the store myself in the eighties and early nineties. For me it was so ideal to work only a mile from my home while raising our two young daughters.

Drawing by George Emmons

What memories! Most days would begin with the coffee club seated at the tables in the back ready to discuss and debate the issues of the day. Although there were disagreements, it was most often lively and friendly with a lot of laughter to boot. There were countless coffee chats in those days. The store was a great place to meet up, whether by plan or by chance, and to spend some time catching up with friends and neighbors.

And then there were the daily lunch lines! Again, those crowded tables in the back with friends and neighbors and contractors and people passing through, all enjoying those generous deli sandwiches or a cup of hot soup. The store seemed to be in its heyday then—meats, veggies, bread, milk, eggs, wine and beer, fresh baked goods, newspapers—the store served us so well at that time.

As we pass through the town center today and witness that beautiful building going through yet another transformation, we cherish all of the good memories and hope that, once again, the Monterey General Store will be a vibrant part of our community. I'm anxious to see if that large, creaky door will be back. But most of all, no matter what door we open, I think most of us can't wait to see what we'll find on the other side. Personally, I'm quite sure that that special slant of light will still be there.

Our Lady of the Hills

By Mark Makuc

Our Lady of the Hills is a Roman Catholic chapel. It is a mission church of Our Lady of the Valley Parish based in Sheffield, which is comprised of five towns and consists of the largest land area in the diocese of Springfield. It was built in 1931 by Arthur Somers on a small piece of land at 70 Beartown Road. He donated it to the diocese. Over the years it has been open for the summer with a weekly mass on Saturday evening. Very little has changed since it was built, but in the 1980's local painter Eugene Foldeki painted religious symbols on the wall. They included angels and other decorative images with roots in Eugene's eastern European heritage. Another major upgrade occurred in the summer of 2012. On June 27, Bishop Timothy McDonnell of Springfield consecrated a permanent tabernacle as repository for the Holy Eucharist. The tabernacle had come from a monastery in nearby New York State.

Perhaps the biggest happening at the Chapel in the last twenty five years was the parish pilgrimage. The idea had come from a men's prayer breakfast. Deacon Dick Magenis had suggested a pilgrimage to a shrine somewhere, but Joe Krejci came up with the idea of walking our own parish.

In many other parts of the world there are religious faiths and sites that faithful people walk for many miles and days to visit. While anyone could have simply walked a route, we anticipated what a group of various ages and abilities might need. There was a lot of planning. Police and emergency medical services were notified. Different ways were scouted and a sweep car was arranged. The walk was about twenty miles long. Infants in strollers and all the way up to senior citizens, and even a dog, started out on June 11, 2011 at noon at Our Lady of the Hills. We walked down Beartown Road to Tyringham Road to the village, then up Route 23 to New Marlborough Road. We went down New Marlborough Road and stopped for a rest at Lowland Farm. We proceeded to Harmon Road and into New Marlborough by way of the Old North Road which was not passable to most motor vehicles, but was a reminder of the way many paths in our beautiful Berkshires are. By evening we arrived at Immaculate Conception in Mill River. We waded in the Konkapot, ate dinner, had a campfire and slept in the church. We left early the next morning to arrive at Our Lady of the Valley in Sheffield in time for Sunday Mass.

The pilgrimage was a way to get to know the geography of the parish, starting in the hills, and then in a fashion following the Konkapot all the way to the Housatonic. There was time for prayer and meditation, and a sense of what a spiritual journey could be like in Biblical days when walking was the way in which people got around. It was a chance to get to know our fellow church goers outside of a religious service. Many of the young people who were there remember it as one of the highlights of their childhood.

The next two years we were able to pull it off again. It's easy to forget why we were unable to do it the following year, and thereafter. Sadly, Immaculate Conception in Mill River has been sold, so we could never duplicate this again, but those who did it will never forget our pilgrimage in our own parish.

The church still has services on Saturday evenings in July and August. There have been baptisms and weddings celebrated there. Bishops and missionaries from around the world have said mass there. They all agree, whether they have come from Ireland, India, Africa, or simply from Springfield, that it is a beautiful setting in which to spiritually connect.

COVID-19

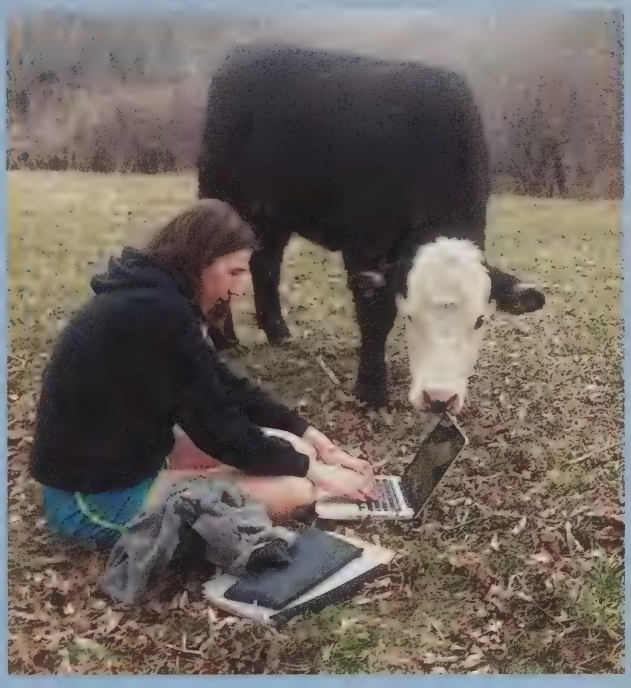
by Mari Enoch

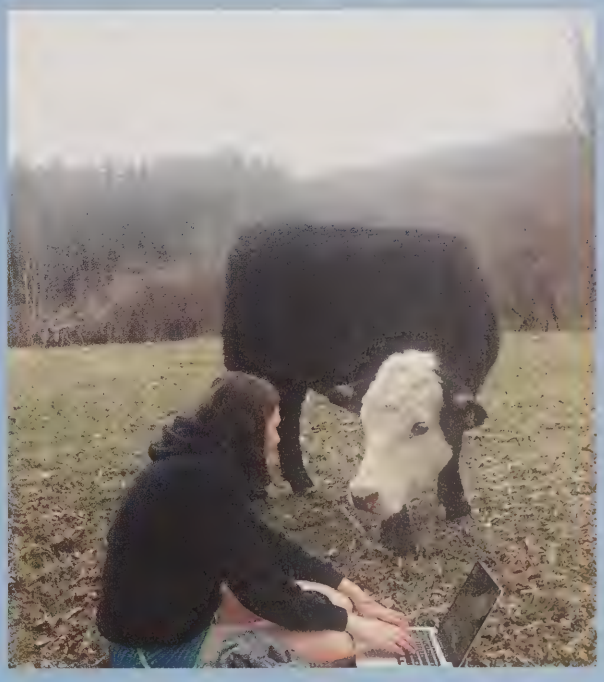
We all have our COVID stories–that moment when suddenly we realize the newspaper headlines of a virus far away have a direct impact on our lives. And we are all impacted differently–the loss of loved ones, economic hardship, emotional strain, and a myriad of other challenges. I am very aware that the inconveniences my family suffered are hardly notable, not in comparison to the real loss and suffering of so many. But here is a snapshot of connections (or lack of) of a Monterey family.

I remember picking up my daughter from an after school musical rehearsal one Thursday in March. I turned to a parent next to me. "Do you think someone should record the rehearsal tomorrow? What if these kids don't get to perform the show in two weeks?" But even as I said it, I didn't really believe that that would turn out to be the case. I was just making conversation.

But the next morning the phone rang informing us there would be no school that day. We would be back on Monday, we were told. But on Monday, we were told it would be two more weeks. Then, well, you know the rest. Like millions of students, my children didn't return to school that year. In June, we drove to the school and picked up the garbage bags off the sidewalk that contained the locker contents, school instruments, winter jackets, and anything else that had sat in the empty building for those three months.

After the first two full weeks off that March, school "resumed." As in many rural areas, internet access was just not available for many of the families in the Southern Berkshire Regional School District. We did our best-packing up the car and heading for the closest public hot spot (thank you Fiber Connect) at the Monterey Firehouse Pavilion. There my three children and I spread out trying to learn and work remotely. On rainy days we all crowded in the minivan, a modern version of a one room school house. Spanish phrases and history lessons and math problems co-mingling in the car. We packed snacks and drove home for bathroom breaks, to stretch our legs, and to charge our laptops. It did feel like Christmas to my daughter when she discovered an electrical outlet tucked in the corner of the skating pavilion—no more mad dashes home to charge our devices.





It helped a little knowing we were not the only ones without internet. While on zoom, we saw other students participating from cars. We sympathized with the classmate in New Marlborough sitting at the picnic table outside of another Town Hall, bundled up for chilly early morning classes. We waved to our neighbor Tom every day, who parked near us to work remotely.

For a change of scenery, we used the parking lots at the Town Hall and Library where we could also access Wifi. We became experts at finding all the outdoor outlets to charge our devices. We found a metal folding chair to sit on. We made do.

It wasn't long before it was obvious families just couldn't connect to online classes. The School District pivoted to dropping off school work in plastic bags, transported by large, very empty busses. Every other Friday we would go down to the bus stop and receive a plastic bag containing manila envelopes with two weeks of school work for each child. Our bus driver, Linda Thorpe, would pick up the packet of completed work and head to the next stop. I viewed the packets like they were Christmas packages—"Let's see what books we get this week!" My children took a different view. Even an unstable internet connection was better than working completely on your own.

Like school children everywhere, the kids missed so many events—the musical that was never performed, entire sports seasons, concerts and end of school rituals, signing yearbooks, the Senior Prom. Mostly they missed their classmates and friends—just being together.Teachers and families got creative. We couldn't hold Memorial Day parades but Courtney English, the band director, came up with a genius idea. At the exact same time on Memorial Day morning, the Eagles band members sat on their front porches or in their front yards and played a pre-arranged program of music. Across five towns and beyond, teenagers were playing music "together" in remembrance of our beloved veterans. Perhaps, I thought, the Veteran up the road can hear strains of music. Perhaps the classmate down the road will know she is not playing alone.

On a lovely Friday afternoon, a number of my nieces, along with my daughter, donned prom dresses and congregated on my front lawn for the requisite prom photo shoot. I cut the tulips from my yard and gave one to each, to try and replace the corsages they didn't have from dates that weren't there. Six feet apart (always six feet apart), they shared a moment.

We were very fortunate that Mt. Everett High School was able to hold a graduation—outdoors, limited guests (how do you choose which of your siblings to invite?), everybody sitting that magic six feet apart. Parents waiting to hug our children until we were "safely" back in the car. Life long friends yelling to each other across the field through their masks, unable to hug and high-five.

Slowly, ever so slowly, things returned to "normal." For the 20-21 school year, most students only went to school in person two days a week, some not at all. Some activities could resume and some could not. The school did manage to produce an outstanding virtual musical. But the hockey team did not play. The band was able to rehearse in person outside. But a district choral festival was held via zoom. It was better, for sure, but we still felt disconnected—from each other, from our routines.

And now? Is it over? As I write this we are just recovering from COVID in our house for the second time around. It was much less scary and painful this time, but it is present. A stack of COVID tests sits in the cabinet, ready to go. Thankfully, we no longer drive to hot spots for internet access, but my son is sitting in the mudroom doing homework because our very expensive and very mediocre satellite internet signal comes in best there. By now, most of the students in Monterey and the surrounding towns have the ability to hook up to high speed internet. Some of us don't and won't. A handful of homes are not included in the town wide hook up. But the connections that really matter? Hugging a classmate at graduation. Dancing at a prom. High-fiving a hockey goal. We appreciate those connections more than ever.

The Bidwell House Museum

By Heather Kowalski

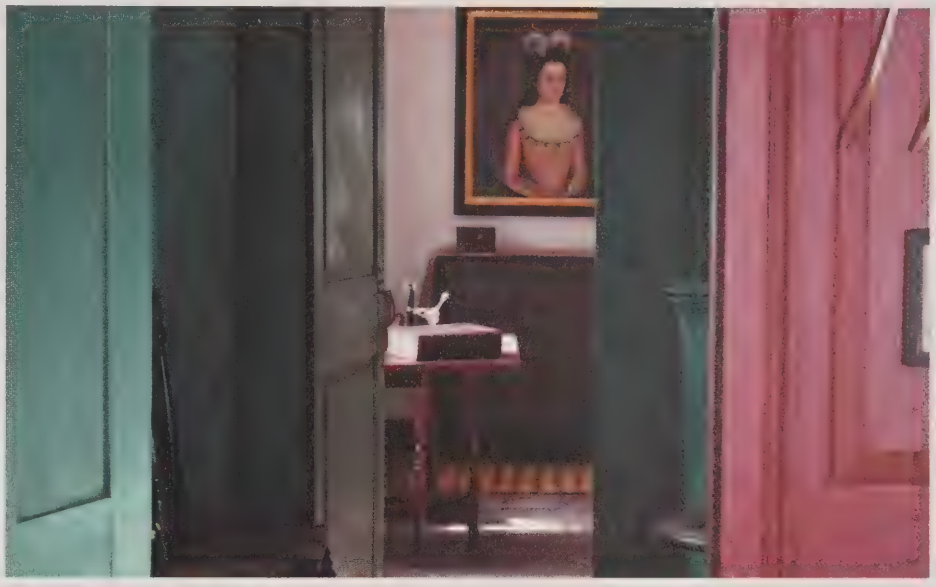
Nestled on a hillside at the end of Art School Road, the Bidwell House Museum has been open to visitors since 1990. In the 25 years since Monterey's 150th anniversary, the Museum has evolved from a small historic house to an important destination in Monterey where visitors can learn about all facets of early New England History. Told through personal guided tours of the house, educational programs both on and off-site, and the 194 acres of gardens and grounds to explore, the Bidwell Family story is also the story of Monterey.

Built around 1760, when Monterey was still known as Township #1, the history of the Bidwell House and the town are intertwined. And in 2022, as the town celebrates its 175th anniversary, that shared story connects the Museum and the community. As we celebrate this milestone, we want to share a few of the Museum initiatives undertaken over the last quarter century.

In 2006, former Director Martha Dailey created the Young History Scholars Summer Internship Program. Since then, over 50 high school and college students, many from Monterey, have spent a few weeks each summer learning about the Bidwell House history, giving guided tours and completing small research projects. The topics for these projects have ranged from early American eye-wear to 18th century theater to the creation of the smallpox vaccine. Over half of the student interns returned for multiple summers and some went on to study history as a result of their time spent here.

Providing a personal encounter with history is part of the Bidwell House Museum mission and informs all of the Museum programming. Since 2010, The Bidwell Country Fair (originally called Township #1 Day) has welcomed Monterey residents to the Museum gardens each summer for a free afternoon of music, food, historical reenactments and fun for all ages. Through the annual summer history talk series, the Bidwell House has introduced local residents to a wide range of interesting speakers and topics that include experts on regional archaeology, New England history and the story of the Mohicans.

In 2015 the Museum began a multi-year Capital Campaign and restoration project to repair the Museum's aging infrastructure and make the house more accessible. Due to the incredible generosity of the local community and a number of grants, the Museum raised close to one million dollars. These funds were used for a new cedar roof, new gutters, better insulation, updated electrical wiring and alarms, replacement of rotting support timbers, a new accessible entrance, a new accessible public bathroom and the renovation of the Museum Carriage Barn for events. This work preserved the historic 18th century structure for the future and also made it accessible to even more of the local community.



It was the descendants of the original inhabitants of this area, the Stockbridge-Munsee Band of the Mohicans, who inspired the Bidwell House Museum to create the Native American Interpretive Trail in 2018. Using weatherproof signs filled with historical information provided by the tribe, the Museum created a multi-stop self-guided tour on the Museum grounds. This walking tour shares the history of the Mohicans, their lifeways and agricultural techniques, and includes information about the tribe today. Educating visitors about Mohican history has become an important part of the Museum's educational mission.

Over the last 25 years, the Museum has increasingly understood the importance of preserving the land on which the Museum sits, not just for education but also as a resource for the community. At the end of 2021, 180 acres of the Bidwell property, out of a total of 194 acres, were put into land conservation to be managed by the Berkshire Natural Resources Council. This Conservation Restriction, through the state of Massachusetts, will protect the land around the Museum from development, guaranteeing that the property will be accessible to everyone in the Berkshires for generations to come.

Today, in 2022, the Bidwell House Museum is thriving, due in large part to the extraordinarily supportive community of Monterey. And the Board of Directors and staff look forward to welcoming our neighbors to this beautiful property for the next 25 years!

HUME New England Christian Camp

By Maria Shinness

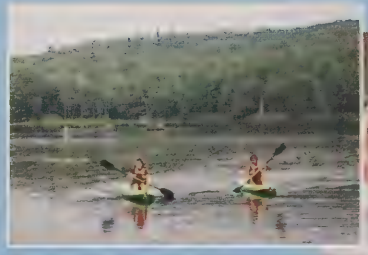
Hume New England Christian Camps is nestled in the beautiful Berkshires of Southwestern Massachusetts. Hume Ministries purchased the entire campground from New England Keswick in 2012. First Summer Camp at Hume New England begins in 2012 with 314 campers!

In 2012 the Victory Circle was built and to this day is used as a place for campers to reflect on what they have learned and what God has taught them during their stay.

We expanded our ministry in 2014 by adding Guest Groups. We had the privilege of serving a total of 244 guests that year.

The Moffett Cottage was renovated into the Snack Shack in 2015. The Staff enjoys providing amazing treats for the campers.

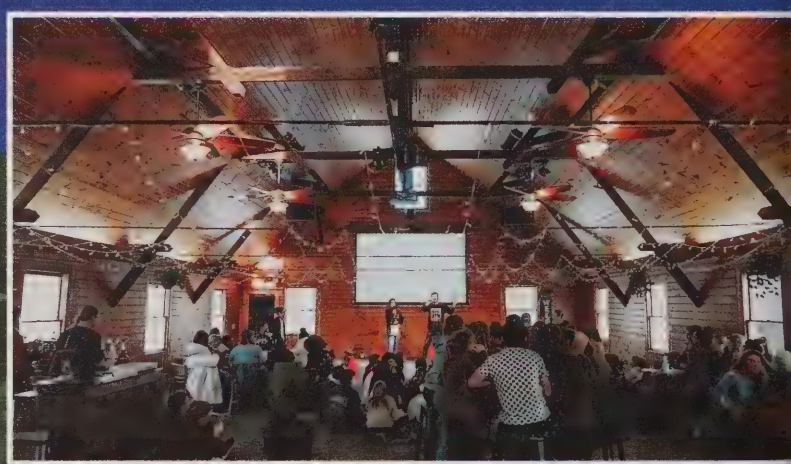
There are many outdoor activities for our guests such as kayaking, ax throwing, paintball, and volleyball. Activity additions were made in 2016 including a new broom hockey rink and a water slide/winter tube from the Dining Hall to Stedman Pond.



Therefore since we have been justified through faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ
Romans 5:1
For everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved.
Romans 10:13

The Trail of Hope was created in 2017. The trail has Bible verses posted along the way and leads up to a small outdoor amphitheater facing a cross that overlooks the valley. It is a great hike with the opportunity for individual devotions or group discussions.

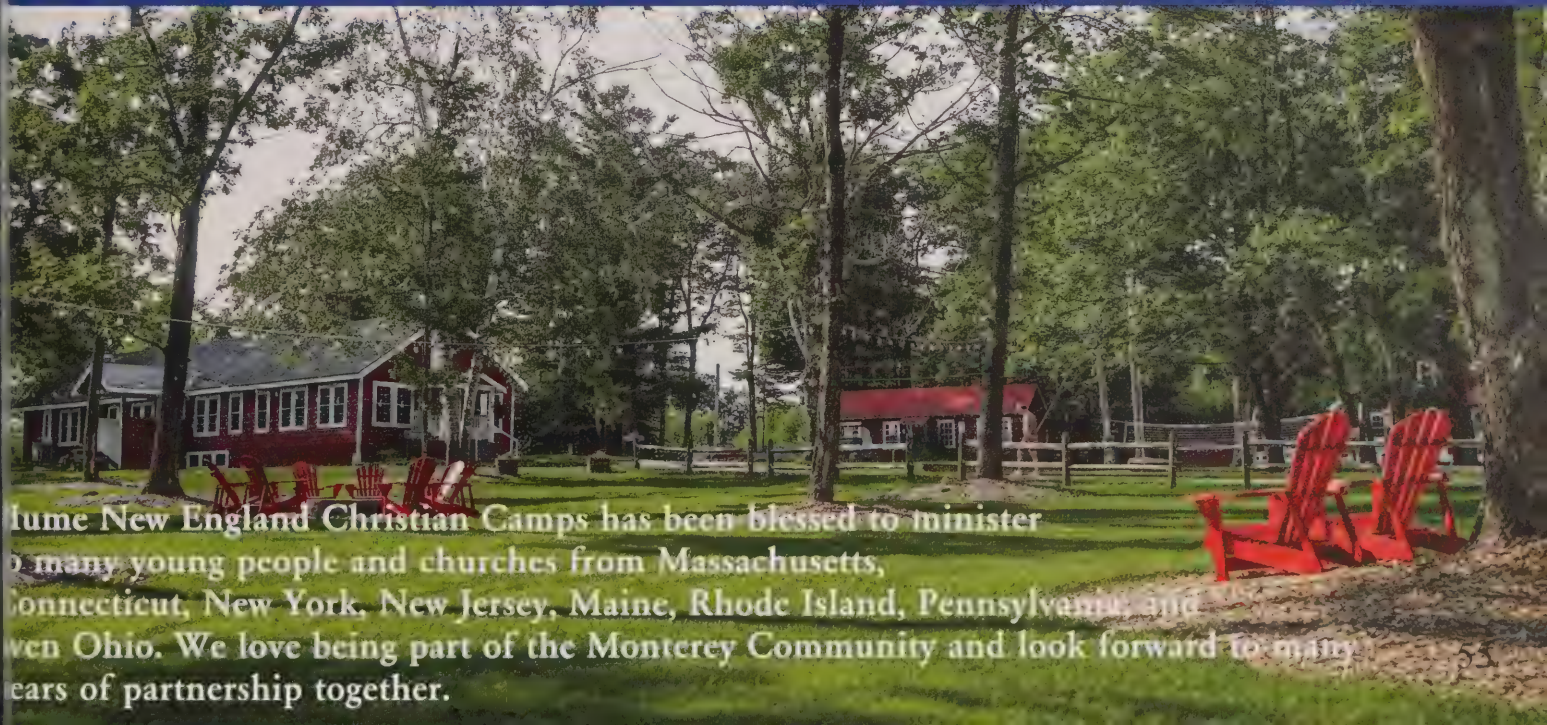
The renovation of Bethel Chapel was completed in 2018 and is used as a coffee shop/hangout space during camp. A high adventure course in the Heights was also added in 2018. Hilltop, where we hold camp services, and Pineview Lodge were completed in 2019.



Camp was shut down for 2020 due to COVID. Four faithful staffers remained on site to care for the property.

Camp reopened Summer of 2021 with many excited staff and campers!

Hume Staff enjoys participating in Monterey's annual Memorial Day Parade. In 2022, we had a float in the parade and cooked hot dogs for the picnic.



lume New England Christian Camps has been blessed to minister
many young people and churches from Massachusetts,
onnecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maine, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and
ven Ohio. We love being part of the Monterey Community and look forward to many
ears of partnership together.

GOULD FARM
HARVESTING HOPE · PROMOTING RECOVERY

Gould Farm, founded in 1913, is a therapeutic community located on a 700-acre working farm in Monterey, Massachusetts. We help adults with mental health and related challenges move toward recovery and independence through community living, meaningful work, and clinical care.

As the first farm-based residential treatment program in the nation, in operation for over 100 years, we have held onto the core values that a sense of purpose and authentic connection to others is a critical aspect of recovery, reintegration, and well-being.

The daily life of our therapeutic community revolves around food. We all play a role in the nourishment of our community. While our community members are here for mental health treatment, they are not "patients". They are gardeners, farmers, tree tappers, bakers, cheese makers, and cooks. And the fruits of our labors, from the pasture to the forest to the gardens, all flow through our kitchens and end up on our tables where we gather three times each day. At the table, our sense of community is fostered and healing takes root.

Down the road from the Farm, on Route 23, we operate the Roadside Cafe. It is a beloved Monterey institution in operation since the 1970s - a truly charming roadside diner with an open kitchen where regulars used to chat up the grill cook as they flipped pancakes. Over the years, our Cafe has been written up in Bon Appetit, the New York Times, and Esquire. We can't wait to rebuild it this year!

As we emerge from three years of isolation and the many ways the pandemic has taken a toll on our individual and collective well-being, focusing on good food and community are practices we can all be nourished by. Whether you grow ingredients at the Monterey community garden or shop at local Berkshire farmers markets, or are a member of our CSA, preparing a meal for loved ones or neighbors is a way to reconnect. Connecting with your sources of food and sharing it with others is at the heart of Gould Farm's 100+ years of radical hospitality and can be part of how we all rebuild lives of purpose and meaning post-pandemic.

As part of our submission, commemorating the 175th anniversary of Monterey, we are including a recipe for classic Roadside pancakes as well as a timeline of major events that have happened at Gould Farm since the 150th anniversary. We look forward to having our Monterey neighbors back at our tables once we open Roadside later this year!

2023

We are in the final phases of planning the complete rebuild of the Roadside Store on route 23 in Monterey. This reimagined space will allow us to serve pancakes and coffee to our neighbors for many decades to come.

2020

In the middle of the Covid pandemic, we broke ground and constructed the 7000-square foot Rev. Hampton E. Price Community Center, located behind our Main House, creating a space for more play, art, music, fitness, and gathering.

2013

We celebrated the Gould Farm Centennial by publishing a cookbook, launching our first annual 5k event, and throwing a big party where generations of Gould Farmers gathered for a day of festivities.

2007

Our transition programs are an important part of our continuum of care. In 2007, we moved from Farrington to Fellside in Boston, and in 2014, we purchased O'Connell House from local Monterey teacher, Gige O'Connell, nearly doubling our capacity at this level of our program.

2000

Along with the Timber Framer's Guild of America, the Massachusetts Portable Saw Mill Owners, and hundreds of friends, family members, and neighbors, we raised a 4000-square foot post and beam barn and created the framework for the vocational training and education facility known as the Harvest Barn.

Classic Roadside Store & Cafe Pancakes

Makes 8 regular sized pancakes.
Makes 2 Roadside sized pancakes.

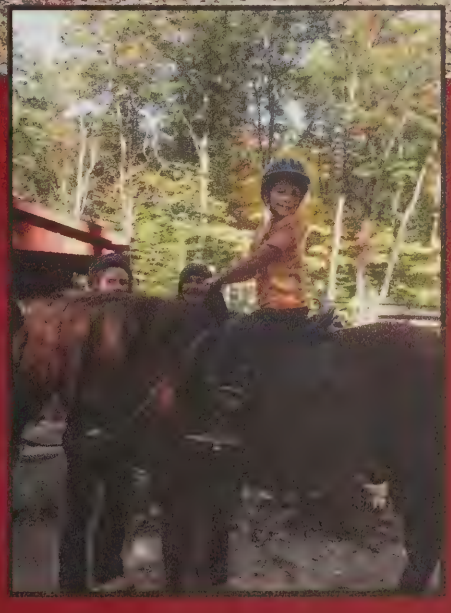
Ingredients

2c Bread or AP Flour
3/4t Baking Soda
2t Baking Powder
2t Salt
2t Sugar
1 Egg
1/4c Oil
1c Milk

1. Whisk together the dry ingredients in a bowl.
2. Whisk together one egg, 1/4 cup of oil, and 1 cup of milk in a separate bowl.
3. Gently fold the liquid into the dry ingredients.
4. Lightly spray or oil a hot griddle.
5. Using a 6 oz ladle, pour a bit more than 1 ladle per regular-sized pancake.
6. Use a bit more than 2 ladles for a Roadside-sized pancake
7. Before the pancake sets, sprinkle the desired topping (blueberries, strawberries, or other fruit) on the uncooked batter.
8. Flip when set and cook another 2 to 3 minutes depending on size.
9. Enjoy with Gould Farm pure maple syrup!

Solstice Farm

By Esther Heffernan



olstice Farm was founded in 2015 by Beth Timlege, Esther Heffernan, and Maddy Makuc. It the home of five Icelandic horses, a breed known for its intelligence, curiosity, and unique gaits. The farm's mission is to provide therapeutic and wellness equine programs for the ommunity. We welcome students who enjoy being with horses and finding connections that improve their lives. Our red barn on Mount Hunger Road is an ideal setting.

The Knox Gallery

By MaryPaul Yates

In 2010, the Monterey Library Trustees had a great idea: the "Knox Room" could host art exhibitions. So was born the Knox Gallery!

The first exhibition opened in December 2010, and featured the work of ten Monterey artists, some of whom were simultaneously opening their studios as part of Monterey Makers Day (An event organized by the Monterey Cultural Council in which Monterey Artists and Makers showed their work on the premises of each artist). The Knox Gallery's mission quickly evolved as a venue that offers a range of work geared to the interest of Monterey residents. One of the first exhibitions featured the work of Monterey artist and designer of the Monterey Town Seal, Edith Wilson.

Since that time the Gallery has exhibited the work of over 100 artists and has organized and sponsored shows featuring Monterey organizations (such as Gould Farm.) A highlight of the year is the annual Community show in December, an exhibition that stipulates a broad theme and is open to Monterey residents and residents of nearby communities.

As a component of the library, viewers may come specifically to see an exhibition. Yet others may be participants in a Yoga class in the community room; others enjoy the work while attending a meeting. This enables the gallery to bring together diverse members of the community, including those who perhaps think art "isn't for them."

Opening receptions (supported by the Friends of the Library) and Artists' Talks (sponsored by the Monterey and Massachusetts Cultural Councils), have also encouraged visitors from Monterey and from neighboring towns.

Many volunteers make the ongoing operation of Knox Gallery possible, helping with tasks that include installing exhibitions, initiating publicity, producing graphics, handling general correspondence, and keeping an ongoing program of exhibitions ongoing and on time. The support of the Monterey Library director, librarians, and library trustees have all been integral to this project.

The Knox Gallery looks forward to continuing with a range of exhibitions for the town of Monterey.

Monterey Artist Interviews

By Sarah Varney

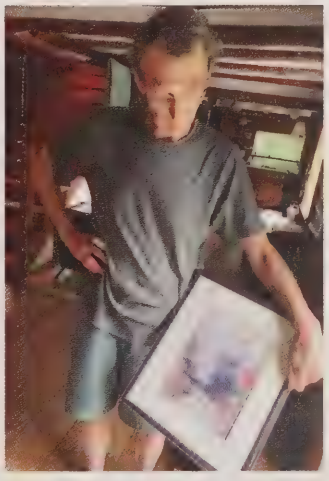
Midori Curtis

Midori Curtis was born in Japan the year after World War II ended. She endured many of the difficulties and deprivations of that era: her grandparents once sold a piano for a single bag of rice. She was also often sick, plagued by fevers and headaches; her parents, she says, didn't think she'd live past three years old. But amid those hard times, Midori found a pastime that sustained her: drawing. "That was the only thing that I really enjoyed," she said, sitting in her Monterey studio. Her talent was evident early, even if her methods were eccentric, sketching portraits from the bottom up. "I started from the feet. Then I go to the body. Then the head at the end," she recalled. Her earliest works were simple and representative. "A carrot looked like a carrot," she said. But she soon found herself wanting to study art. After a brief stint studying design at a women's college in Tokyo, a family friend sent Midori a brochure for a school in New York. It was love at first sight: "When I saw it, I said to my dad: 'I really would like to go to New York. You don't have to do anything for my wedding or anything. Please let me go.'" Her father said yes, and in 1969, at the age of 23, Midori arrived in the United States, encountering a nation in a moment of profound social change, including the women's rights movement and other acts of rebellion. "I smelled marijuana for the first time," she recalled. In New York, she got a job in a small design studio, and continued to study at the School of Visual Arts, where she discovered printmaking, and her husband, now a political scientist at Columbia University. She had two daughters and put her artistic ambitions aside while she raised her children. Several years later, she decided to go back to school, studying at Columbia in their tiny printmaking department, which was made up of only two students. And as she studied - and raised her children - her art began to change, from representative to something more experimental. "I became a more abstract artist during the time of the Columbia program," she said. "That's because as a woman, as a Japanese, I really felt like I had no freedom. There was so much I had to do as a wife, as a mother. And I felt like I was tied down there." But when she was in the studio, she said, "I never think about anything else. It was my time, and I could do whatever I could, and that was a very special time." It also allowed her a way to communicate despite her sometimes faltering English, particularly when she was young. "Ever since I came to this country, having art helped me so much because I cannot speak English as fluent as my Japanese," she said. "It is very hard for me to express exactly how I feel with words. But with drawing, I can really be free." After graduating from Columbia, Midori got a $200-a-month studio space in Jersey City, working there during the days and then rushing home to feed her family on the Upper West Side. Slowly, though, she began to get shows, on both sides of the Hudson. She vividly remembers selling her first prints for $450. "I mean, it's just a piece of paper," she said. "And someone wants it? Even pay for it? I was in heaven." Her success continued, with exhibitions in Greece, Paris,

Tokyo, and a work at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Yet despite her deep connections with New York, Midori has also spent more than 40 years in Monterey, the result of a drive she and her husband took one afternoon in the late 1970s. The couple had initially ended up in Otis, before someone suggested the next town over. They built a small house on Mount Hunger Road, and a studio for Midori, with large picture windows, surrounded by the woods and light. Her work continued to evolve, often defying easy definition: colorful shapes and spirals floating in space, colliding with suggestions of sun, clouds, and wind. Working with wood block printing, collage, painting and etching, her art seems tethered in an in-between space: open for interpretation depending on the viewer's own point of view. "In Japan, people think it's more Western," she said, with a laugh. "And here people think it's very Asian." During the Covid pandemic, Midori and her husband lived full-time in Monterey, and she saw her work change: less psychological, and more reflective of

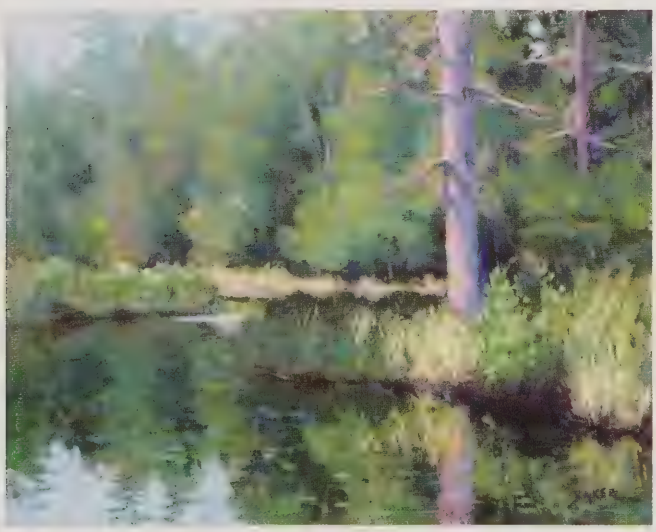
the outside world around her. "I see images that wouldn't have come in the studio in New York," she said. "Here it's more natural, environmental, and more intuitive, and simpler." In 2013, Midori had an exhibit at the Knox Gallery, and plans another in 2023. She and her husband also hope to spend their retirement here, soaking in both the natural world and the inspiration it provides."I don't have to dig in myself," she said. "It may be the place. It may be the age. It may be a combination. But it is real."

Joe Baker



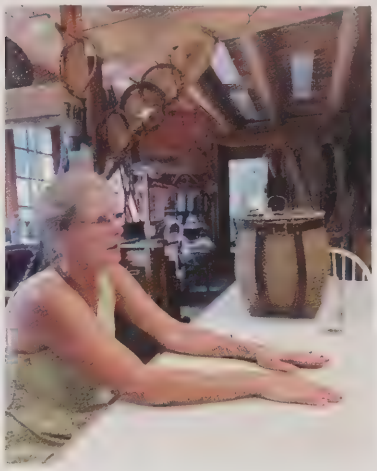
Joe Baker has always been surrounded by art, a collection of work on the walls of his childhood home, including paintings by his great grandfather, depictions of maritime life a century ago: harbors, schooners, and the sea beyond. His great-great uncle was Frank Weston Benson, a prominent American impressionist, and his mother Jane Benson Myers Baker, painted as well, all while raising Joe and his three siblings in central New Jersey. But he said he didn't "ever really consider art as a career" until he found his way to Monterey. After graduating from Princeton, Joe went west, working on ranches in Wyoming, driving teams of horses, feeding elk, caring for horses and cattle, and doing irrigation work. He'd always been an outdoors type and might not have ever come back East, he says, had it not been for Bonner McAllester, who he met at a dude ranch outside Jackson Hole, where she was working as a wrangler, and he was working as a maintenance man. The young couple was looking for a place to call their own, and Bonner's family had inherited the Keyes farm on the east end of Lake Garfield. "Her folks said, 'We've got this family land here in Monterey: you can have a piece of that, if you want, for nothing,'" Baker recalled. "So, the price

was right." Bonner and Joe settled in Monterey in 1974, clearing a small triangle of land and living in a tipi. They built their home while paying the bills with various jobs locally. Both became active in Monterey civic life, and for years, those around town knew Joe mainly as an instrument maker, a combination of his lifelong interest in woodworking and music, and for playing guitar in a band alongside Bonner. Making instruments generated an unreliable income - Joe specialized in violas da gamba - and Joe and Bonner had adopted two children, something that inspired him to "find a more dependable way to make a living." He began computer programming and, on his 45th birthday, exploring a new passion: painting. "I had one of those moments where you look at yourself in the mirror and think, 'What am I doing with my life?'" he recalled. "And I realized I always wanted to paint." Joe said he didn't know anything about materials or techniques, beyond an "appreciation for what was good and what was bad, and what the possibilities were given paint and brushes." Starting from scratch, he took informal lessons from local watercolorist Leonard Weber, trading goat cheese and vegetables for Weber's help.



Watercolors, however, were unforgiving and Joe gravitated to oils, all the while taking classes and experimenting with form and color. But it wasn't until he discovered pastels that his artistic vision began to coalesce. "I was really hooked," Joe said, describing pastels as "like drawing and painting combined." "You're drawing with color," he said. "You're really painting but using drawing strokes Using your hand as the brush." The work that emerged often reflected the Berkshires—gentle woods and placid lakes, blazing foliage, and wildflowers— but sometimes also reflects on Joe's days on the Wyoming range or even the seascapes that his great-grandfather studied: a single horseman riding towards a palisade of mountains or a tumultuous surf under a lighthouse. Baker likes to make art on location, a process known as plein air painting, drawing inspiration from his surroundings, and sketching on a portable easel, sometimes even venturing out in snowshoes in the middle of winter. He regularly travels to the Adirondacks and other local towns for vistas, and even has a secret location in Monterey where he loves to work, though he won't say where. As he's gotten older and more accomplished, Baker says that he doesn't have to think about technique as much, though the challenge of finding the essence of a place or moment continues. "I'm more trying to interpret than copy what I'm looking at: that's the focus," he said. "So you have to distill your reaction down to what moved you, and try to express that: Is it certain shapes, certain colors? Is it the thing itself? The light, the angles, the light at this time of day? Or sometimes it could be a combination of all of those things." He's still surrounded by art, which lines the walls of the Hupi Road home that he and Bonner still share, both canvasses of his own, and friends and family from generations past. And while he is able to paint full-time in his retirement, he remains fascinated by the process. "I'll be the first to admit that I fail more often than I succeed," said Joe, sitting on a deck overlooking a canopy of trees. "That's what it's about: capturing in your mind the essence of the moment. The painting is a snapshot, the essence of what you want to react to in this scene. So, you have to be able to get that in your mind and in your heart."

Wendy Jensen



Rows of willow stand like sentries in the field behind Wendy Jensen's studio on New Marlborough Road. Wendy plants the willow close together, which forces the branches to grow tall and straight, and every fall, she cuts the rods and sorts them by their length. She prizes the European variety of willow for its flexibility and durability in her craft of basketmaking. These unwieldy rods can reach ten feet tall, and inside the studio where Wendy weaves her immaculate baskets, the ceiling is noticeably higher to accommodate those stalks, soaring over the small stool where Wendy works. Raised amid the bustle of a working dairyfarm in Salem, a small town in southeastern Connecticut, Wendy fed calves, baled hay, and milked cows. She braided horse halters out of baling twine, desperate to convince her parents she could care for a horse. Her father wasn't sure and insisted that she tend to a calf one summer to prove her maturity. She did, and by nine years old, Wendy had her first horse, Captain, eventually taking him on overnight camping trips into the woods with her girlfriends. Her first contact with making baskets came during a high school elective class on loom weaving at Norwich Free Academy in Connecticut. During the long stretches when students were busy using the loom, Wendy's teacher was learning to make a basket, and Wendy learned alongside her. The process intrigued her, and she soon signed up for a class on the topic outside of school. Later, Wendy made baskets for friends, practicing the seemingly simple art—over and under, over and under—and grateful that her years on the dairy farm had blessed her with a valuable talent: strong hands. The more she learned about the practice, and the more ambitious she got, the more challenges arose: Rounded baskets, for instance, can wobble. Sometimes the process requires restarts, as baskets are woven and unwoven and woven again until they are taut and sturdy. And failures can occur, ending up in the fire. "There were some that were pretty bad," Wendy said, sitting in her studio. But, she added, "They're very fun to watch in the fire." Perfecting the craft of basketmaking wasn't exactly lucrative either. With an animal science degree in hand, Wendy traveled from farm to farm testing the milk output and amount of butterfat produced by registered dairy cows for the Dairy Herd Improvement Association in Worcester County. But the allure of baskets—utilitarian in nature, a purpose for each design—deeply appealed to Wendy, coexisting with her ethos of self-sufficiency. She weaved curtains for her apartment on her loom and grew vegetables for her family. At that time, in Great Barrington, Wendy made judicious use of her days, teaching amateur basket weavers around her kitchen table, and making baskets for crafts shows. Then, in 1990, "I just went full in on the baskets," she recalled. That commitment meant heading to craft shows to sell her wares, a salesmanship that she said was somewhat at odds with her quieter, private self. But it also allowed Wendy to see the vast variety of baskets, and their utility: Most baskets, she says, have a purpose, whether it be collecting blueberries, grape harvesting, or - in the case of fellow artisans she met at shows - storing fleece or knitting. "That was the fun part," Wendy said. "Trying new things and seeing what people are interested in buying." Over the course of her long career, Wendy has worked with rattan and other materials, and sought out other master basket weavers, studying in Ireland under Joe Hogan, and working alongside craftspeople from Denmark, the United Kingdom, Latvia, and Russia. But her baskets are of this place,

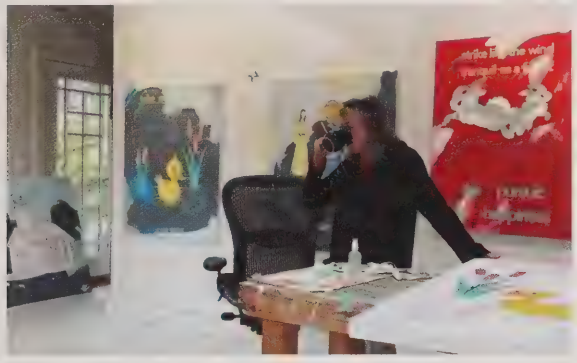
many grown from willow planted in Monterey soil, and influenced by the Shakers and Native Americans who lived in the northeast. It's a formidable material that utilizes both concentration and her capacious hand strength, something she worries about losing.

But patience is also a virtue, as tending willow can take weeks, as well as , years. Her personal experience of the time and expertise necessary to weave a basket has made her keenly aware of the hidden cost of the inexpensive baskets imported into the United States from China and the Philippines and sold for a few dollars. "There's no machine that makes a basket," she said, wondering wearily how much the laborer, an ocean away, was paid. The process of making a basket involves both mental and physical strength, as well as a dollop of math. Working without molds, Wendy weaves complex patterns then must create a shape that is structurally sound and even all around. A spiral that jets upward, for instance, and then traces back down. Or quatrefoil urns–one of the most complicated weaving patterns– that radiate from four corners to make a dizzying chevron. The basket maker's mind cannot wander far, she says, but the weaving also provides a curious type of meditation. "I still love the actual weaving," she said sitting at a table in her studio. "My favorite part is to be in here working."

Sue Muskat Knoll

The two events that led Sue Muskat to a life in the arts and a life in Monterey are a moment of joy and a moment of horror. The first was a childhood epiphany when she was asked one day by her great aunt, Lily, if she wanted to help make a pie. Then just a five-year-old living near Manchester, N.H., Sue enthusiastically said yes. And so, the next morning, before dawn, she and her beloved great aunt did exactly that, making the crust and the filling and baking it just so. And when it was done, Sue said she was hooked - not necessarily on pastries, but on the wonder of making things. "Right there was the beginning of the joy of creating," Muskat recalls. "That was it." Decades later, after her artistic career began in New York City, Knoll endured a different sensation: sorrow and fear at the 9/11 attacks, which she watched at close-range from her and her husband's home in Lower Manhattan. The attack was the impetus for a move to Monterey, a town that the Knolls had seen during trips to the Berkshires, often as guests of gallery owner Geoffrey Young, "We knew right away, even before we saw the house, that this is where we were going to live," she recalls. After moving in the early 2000's with their toddler daughter, Sue and husband Phil Knoll later helped Mr. Young run his gallery, an experience that was both exhilarating and exhausting. "It's a lot of hard work to be paid like a dollar an hour for your efforts," she said. "We loved it, but it wasn't really all that sustainable financially." Both she and Phil had worked hard before. After meeting and falling in love at Virginia Commonwealth University, the couple had made their way as

artists in New York and supported themselves with a series of odd jobs: working at art stores, managing a trucking company, even selling sunglasses. But the job that may have most impacted her art was one as a sign painter, making logos and other designs that incorporated her training in painting, printmaking, and drawing and a fascination with fonts. "I just loved drawing letters," she recalled, adding she was drawn to graphic design and bright colors. But after watching the towers fall and the toxic fumes saturate the air, Knoll said her first and lasting instinct was to "go to the woods." "I'm not a religious person," she said. "But if I had a religion, it would be something in the spirituality of being in nature."



And Monterey provided nature on "a human scale," she said, laughing that the hills "are not too big." "It's not oppressive. It feels welcoming to me," she continued. "There's a softness to this place that I appreciate. And there is a quietness." (And a whimsy, sometimes, too: "I talk to the squirrels.") Nature's hues—the browns, the greens, the grays of winter—have also permeated some projects, including sewing items for her daughter's school, though vivid colors are more evident in her eclectic, electric work. More recently she's included quizzical words or phrases – "What was I thinking?" in one; "You again?" in another – a nod to her work as a sign maker. Cartoon characters pop up here and there—a comment on the politics of our Pollyanna past—as do the occasional pastoral scenes, perhaps inspired by a Berkshire summer channeled through a sherbet lens: blue leaved trees, and curlicues of vivid berries and flowers. In another, spirals of fiddlehead ferns in greens and blues fill the canvas, something she said came from her wish for "a yard full of ferns." But more than anything, what Knoll's art conveys is a sense of Knoll herself. "I feel like my work is very autobiographical," she said. "I feel like if you really want to know what I was thinking, then you could just read about it in my work."

Maureen and Michael Banner

Michael and Maureen Banner came to western Massachusetts from the North Shore of Chicago, where they had met in the never-stop-hustling world of craft shows. Michael, who originally hailed from southern Michigan, had started making jewelry at 19, and knew Maureen's parents from the crafting circuit, where artisans make and market their wares however and wherever they can. "I just started making stuff," Michael recalls. "Anything that would sell." He distinctly remembers earning $15 at a show in Kalamazoo, and returning to his house, beaming, and talking to his father. "I said, 'Well, Dad I'm not going to be a dentist. I'm going to be a jeweler," Michael recalls. "And his comment was, 'Be a damn good one. I don't care what you do but be a good one.'" He and Maureen had met at a craft show - "I was in the next booth," she recalls - and their first date came around 1968 sitting under a blanket together to fend off the Lake Michigan wind. "It

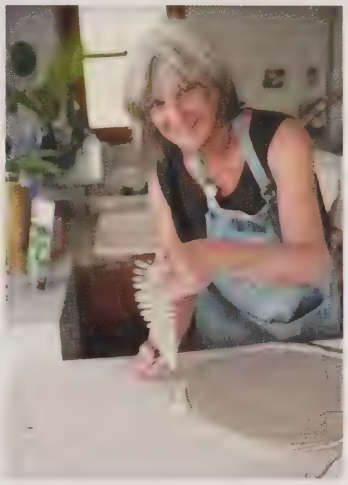
couldn't have been colder," said Maureen, known as Mo by her friends. "And three months later, we were married." By the mid-70s, the Banners wanted out of Chicago and were looking for a place to resettle. "We looked all over the country," Maureen remembers, "and kept coming back to Massachusetts," a state she noted was "the only state that went for McGovern" in the 1972 presidential election. After camping in a van for some time, the couple settled in Great Barrington and found a studio in West Stockbridge, working as a creative team on jewelry and their growing business.

Teapot sterling silver Mother & Child photo credit John Pollak

That close collaborative process involved Michael sometimes enduring loving, but blunt critiques, from his wife. "I won't say what she would say," he laughed. "I would say 'This is what I want to get to, and we'd keep redesigning, and redesigning, and redesigning, until we got to that point." Maureen had studied and taught ceramics and pottery, but silversmithing - and especially making earrings - became the bread and butter for the Banners, who estimate they sold tens of thousands of pairs of their delicate designs over the years. It was relentless and sometimes treacherous work: Maureen recalls getting sick with metal fume fever from brazing - the process of joining metal parts at high temperatures, while Michael remembers sunrise-to-moonrise days in their studio. "The joke is, 'We work half-days," he said. "Which 12 hours do you want?" That grind, however, paid off: work by the Banners is collected by top-shelf museums, including the Renwick Gallery of the Smithsonian American Art Museum; the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston; and the Currier Museum of Art, in Manchester, N.H., as well as helping them settle off Art School Road. "This house was built by earrings," Maureen says. They showed at high-end craft shows across the country, and continued to grow as artists, with paintings, sculpture, and enamel work by Maureen. Perhaps their most arresting work is a series of elegant, often surreal tea sets, hand hammered by Michael, something he said were inspired by both a need for larger items to attract attention at shows, and a fascination with curves (something one sees in their necklace collars, as well). "We needed show pieces," Maureen said. "And they had to be way-out to stand out from everybody else's work." Maureen often makes an initial sketch, an idea that may spring from Michael's mind or from another piece they've worked on. A model follows, before using sheets of silver, soldered in place, and often topped with a lid, deeply colored by Maureen. The result is a striking series of Alice-in-Wonderland "holloware" settings - with looping handles, elongated spouts, angular sides - both modernist and lovingly made. Michael says that the natural world has been an influence on their work. "People say, "Where did you get those lines?' and I say, 'Look out the window," he said. He also describes influence of their life in Monterey in even simpler terms. "With the beauty around you, you had to make beautiful things," he said, adding that the lack of distractions also helped the Banners work. "We had to be able to sit down and work for 5-6 hours with no interruptions, and total concentration." The variety of their artistic output has been remarkable, everything from candle holders to cuff links, pins, and pendants

to spice boxes and vases, often incorporating Maureen's delicate enamels. In more recent years, they've hosted younger generations of silversmiths who have been schooled on their work. They've also been central to Monterey life, helping the town to build its community center, and continuing to be active with the Knox Gallery. And while they have retired from shows, and life on the road, they have continued to create beautiful designs–Maureen working in paint, among other things, and Michael in wood–surrounded, they say, by a beautiful place. "It's sanity, it's peace," Maureen said. "You walk out the door and it's a miracle every day."

Ellen Grenadier



Ellen Grenadier can trace her love of pottery and elegant tableware back to the settings on her great aunts' table. "They had this amazing English china and set those beautiful tables," Ellen recalls. "And my mother continued to do that." Born in Montreal, Ellen moved to Westchester as a child when her mother remarried, leaving behind a large Jewish family and community. She was interested in a variety of art forms as a high schooler, heading into New York City and the famed Arts Students League of New York, just off Central Park. Making art continued to be a touchstone, as she attended Connecticut College, studying painting, ceramics and art history. In 1970, just as Ellen neared college graduation, her mother's health deteriorated, and her family suggested a trip to distract Ellen. The destination was someplace far-flung: Japan, which was hosting the World's Fair that year. And again, Ellen was deeply inspired by the beauty of the pottery she saw and handled, this time in the Japanese tradition. She came home with a suitcase full of Japanese teabowls. After she returned, and graduated, her mother passed. "I was a little bit lost without my mother and not knowing how to make a living" she said. "And the other piece was that at that time, for women my age, we weren't encouraged to think about what we wanted to do when we graduated. At all." She soon headed north, however, and moved to Cambridge, Mass., where fate seemed to intervene. She and a boyfriend moved into the home of a prominent potter. And there, in the basement, was a pottery studio, complete with an electric kiln. "I continued to teach myself how to make pots," she remembers, taking workshops and classes with well known potters. Ellen recalls taking the results of those early experiments in "an old ice cream cart that I would fill with planters and mugs," wheeling her wares down to Harvard Square. Making mugs and pots didn't pay well - she worked in daycare to help cover the bills - but they did focus Ellen's ambitions. "I wanted to just do art," she said. It was also, she remembers, "the age of hippies moving back to the woods." She and her boyfriend decided to move to Maine, where she soon found herself apprenticing at the Monroe Salt Works, a successful pottery business, and taking a workshop at the Haystack Mountain School of Crafts. She stayed in Maine for four years and the skills she learned would eventually play a large part in her development as a potter. Maine felt lonely at that time and she returned to Cambridge, and became a founding member of a thirteen member clay cooperative, Clay Dragon Studios. "It was just a great way of people being together and coming together and creating something that we couldn't do by ourselves," Ellen said. "It was my graduate school." But, gentrification ended the utopia.

Ellen married, and she and her husband moved to Merrimac, Mass. Life got complicated, she said, as they built a fish business, "Merrimac Smoked Fish," and pottery faded. After about 10 years, they wanted to move to the Berkshires. They found a house in Housatonic, and in 1993, moved to Monterey. But Ellen still continued to drive shipments of smoked fish back and forth to Boston. "It wasn't the happiest time," she remembered, laughing a bit. "I moved to this great place, and I was doing something I really didn't want to do. I'd be driving home from the Boston fish pier thinking, 'I should be making pottery.'" Soon, however, she did find herself at I.S. 183, now known as the Berkshire Art Center, eventually managing the ceramics program, and learning, she said, from the students and visiting teachers whom she would hire to teach various workshops and skills. "Every time you opened a kiln, you'd see everybody's attempts to do something different," she said. "It felt great to be back doing what I felt like I knew how to do."

She also began to experiment with glazes, including a process called majolica, with colors on a white background, and setting up her garage as a studio. Soon she set up a gallery and—most critically—hung a shingle. "It just felt like I was on my own, finally," she said. "And doing what I was supposed to do." Her work has continued to evolve, as she fulfilled a childhood dream of having her own shop, one filled with pottery and elegant tableware. Summertime visitors to Monterey and Monterey neighbors often fill her studio, even as she seeks

inspiration in the fields and woods that surround the town. "When I first came here, I remember specifically this memory of walking around Benedict Pond, looking down at the trail and seeing the leaves," she said. "And the more I did it, the more I would see." And those leaves have become integral to Ellen's designs, their delicate shapes pressed into the clay, and captured. Over the years she's been an avid leaf hunter, with preferred spots where she collects leaves and ferns, grains and grasses that she incorporates into her work. (She even collects and freezes extra flora she finds.) Beyond shape, they also add texture, she said, and inspire glazes in "the colors of nature": greens of spring, fading yellows of autumn. On her path from Montreal to Kyoto to Boston to New York to rural Maine, Ellen has found her greatest inspiration along the paths and hiking trails of the Berkshires. "I'm not always looking for the perfect leaf, but I'm always aware," she said. "I'm aware of inspiration, and I'm always feeling inspiration when I walk.

Julie Shapiro

For Julie Shapiro, the challenge of making the art—and appreciating it—is sometimes part of the satisfaction. Take her introduction to printmaking, a form she said she initially disliked- "For years and years and years and years," she said – only to find it becoming one of her favorites. "You draw something, you do something, and then it goes through this process: And depending on your technique, your skill, and how tight or loose you want to be, there can be a lot of changes," she said, of printing images from a template to another surface. "And somehow at the time, a lot of that I found frustrating. But now that's part of why I love it." That willingness to allow a dash of uncertainty into her art has marked a career that spanned almost a half-century and touched both coasts and multiple forms, including painting, printmaking, drawing, and collage. Julie was born in the Berkshires, in Stockbridge, where her father worked. "My dad worked at the Austen Riggs Center. Her mother was an architect and also had a connection with Riggs, and the arts: she had attended the famed Black Mountain College, the North Carolina school whose alumni included influential 20th century artists, including Willem and Elaine de Kooning, Robert Rauschenberg, Merce Cunningham, John Cage, and Cy Twombly. Julie remembers that creative ethos filling her childhood, with her mother making jewelry, stained glass, and wood cut Christmas cards, and running a craft workshop at Riggs. Julie's brother, Ben, was also artistically inclined, eventually becoming a documentary maker, working in multiple mediums, including a film about photographer Gregory Crewdson, known for his Berkshires-based photography. The family moved to Santa Monica when Julie was in elementary school, attending art camps and, periodically, anti-war protests. She attended Oakwood, a private and progressive school that was "a little wild and funky," she said, before heading to the University of California at Santa Cruz, the famously surf-friendly outpost just south of San Francisco. "I didn't want to go to an art school," Julie remembered. "But all I wanted to do was art." She studied and played with a raft of disciplines: both abstract and representational forms, including landscapes and still life, drawing and paint. She had a garage studio, and to make ends meet, she worked in an art store and waited tables. After graduating, she stayed in Santa Cruz, continuing to wait tables, before heading to graduate school at Yale. Her road to living in Monterey, oddly, ran through Texas, where she taught at Southern Methodist University in Dallas. Her parents had returned to

the Berkshires, and in the summers, Julie used their home as a studio. ("Dallas in the summer," she quips, "is awful.") Her abstract work sometimes includes a kind of madcap stitching, falling curves and tumbling blocks, a throwback,

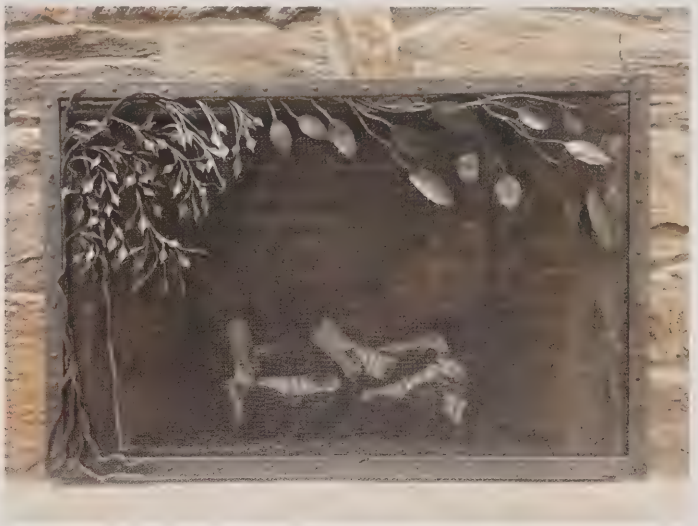
it seems to the woodblocks - and printmaking of years before, offset by lighter openings in the canvass, also seemingly moving in space. "That idea," she says, "of things missing, and expectations. Like you would expect a line to go a certain way and then it stops. Or it doesn't. Or it disappears." " I feel like these rectangles and curves are almost like a vocabulary sometimes," she said. Like many of Monterey's artists, Julie says the seasons here have influenced her work, whether it's the blue of the summer sky or the split colors - red and yellow - of a falling maple leaf. "A lot of times I think color and light is influenced by what I see around me," she said. But, she added, other times "it's more kind of moments, or kinds of natural incidents," like mist rising off water, or the depth of the forest, the crisscross of the natural world, and "how does the mind configures it." She moved to Monterey full time in 1990; her daughter, Eloisa, with husband Allan Dean, a professor in the Practice of Trumpet at the Yale School of Music and a professional trumpet player, was born here in 1992. Julie helps run the Knox Gallery and often works on several paintings at once, sometimes using the same palette. Her work still embraces the capacity for chance: one recent work involved cutting up drawings and then pasting them together, face down, to see what was made. And like the challenges of printmaking, where what the mind saw may not be exactly what the print makes, she enjoys when those looking at her paintings must do a little work, too. "I like the idea of asking the viewer to look at it and find things in it and find the relationships and ask yourself, 'What's going on here?' and 'How do things connect?'" she said. "I don't know that people are always looking at them and thinking those things. But I hope so."

Del Martin

Del Martin has long worked with his hands. He earned an advanced degree in structural and metamorphic geology at the University of Vermont and, after moving to the Berkshires, he turned to repairing cars. But even as he worked in his auto shop, Del had a desire to pursue a more creative hobby: forging, the ancient art of metallurgy at high temperatures. "I've been fooling around with forging for about 40 years, maybe 45 years," Del recalled. But in 2008, he decided, "I didn't want to fix cars anymore." Using his garage on Main Road as a base, he moved more and more of his hobby to center stage, and began concentrating on forging full time, establishing the Knox Trail Forge. The name was a homage to General Henry Knox, whose Revolutionary War-era trek to Cambridge, Mass-with a train of British cannons and an order from General George Washington- took him right past where Del hammers today. With the support of his wife Christine, a Stockbridge native, Del works at intense temperatures of more than 2000 degrees to make Damascus steel, a form of "pattern- welded steel" that dates to the Middle Ages, when swordsmiths used an elaborate process to make some of the most-sought after weapons in the world. With multiple layers of high-carbon steel and a pattern of waves and curves illuminating the exterior of the blade, the blades Del makes hew to that time-consuming tradition, as he repeatedly heats, compresses, and hammers his creations into their final form, working between the forge and a press. It can be dangerous work: anything lying around in Del Martin's garage could be hot, and he's taught

himself to always use the back of his hand before picking anything up. Burns occur, though he shrugs them off. "It doesn't hurt until the blisters pop," he said. But forging combines not only physical strength but a keen understanding of the scientific principles behind the welding of metal on a molecular level. "This is science every day in here," Del says. "My geology degree, which I never worked in the field, comes into play here every day." He continued: "The creative part is bringing all the science together. You can't argue with the steel. You've got to give the steel what it wants." The resulting knives, which take about a month to create, are both fierce and flexible, fitted into wooden handles

which Del also sculpts. Most of the wood, he says, he finds during walks in the Berkshires, even during his daily walks along Sandisfield Road, including bits of birch, and "imperfect wood," he said. "I like stuff where the bugs have eaten through," he said. He has a similar taste for seeing the work that humans do, too. "I like to see that the metal was forged, that it's been hammered," he said. "I like to see all the dents." He also built most of the equipment in the shop, including the propane-fired forge, specialized tools and his workstation, something he calls "an extension of the Boy Scout thing, and self-sufficiency." That ethos includes Del and Christine's life in Monterey, too, where they live in a kit-built home, with solar electric and water panels. Although they no longer farm—they used to raise pigs and chickens—Del remains active in town life, including as a firefighter, manning a station across the road



from the forge. And while Del cuts an imposing figure, his work is remarkably delicate, including a series of steel leaves and branches—lithe and lifelike—that he has crafted for a pair of fireplace projects, including a commission for the Monterey library that draws inspiration from the elm tree on the town seal. "I like the natural form," he said. Del also is a history buff, as evidenced by the name of the forge and the equipment in his shop, including a 19th century anvil and a Colonial anvil which predates Henry Knox's trip. He sells his work, including colonial reproductions, axes, kitchen and farm tools—at trade and craft shows in states around the country, but always returns home to his work, his family and his forge. Sitting on a stool not far from a thousand-degree furnace, he said, "I love doing this."

Monterey Hiking

By Bernard A. Drew

State forest woods roads, Lake Garfield's beach, Bidwell House woodways and several town parks – there's ample opportunity to take to woods or field in Monterey. Here's a quick overview of some recent networks to the public trail network, along with visits to a sampling of oldtimers. Beartown State Forest speaks for itself –Benedict Pond circuit is fun – in favor of some perhaps lesser familiar pathways, arranged alphabetically.

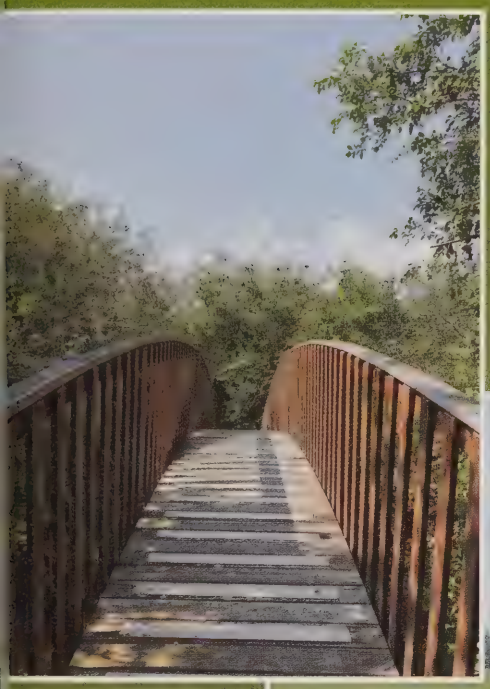
Bob's Way

Nion Robert Theriot (1946-1998) of Tall Tree Farm, Monterey, long active with The Monterey Land Trust, lent his name to Bob's Way, a property of Berkshire Natural Resources Council. South of Route 23 since 1998, the trailhead is opposite the Mt. Hunger Road junction. After crossing the small pond, there are trail choices with uneven footing through regrown, boulder and ledge-strewn mostly Northern hardwood forest, the longest 2.5 miles. There's a nice overlook from Dave's Bench.

Brewer Pond

Brewer Pond, sibling to Lake Garfield, was orphaned when the causeway was constructed, the lake enlarged and Tyringham Road next to the town beach relocated in the early 1970s. This impoundment became a holding pond for overflow. Robert "Bob" Rausch began to clear a trail around the pond in 1989, and, with assistance from Monterey Nature Walkers, 10 years later he and Bonner McAllester led a tour of its natural aspects, from its thimbleberry vines and jacks-in-the-pulpit to a former springhouse and hemlock grove.

... So Many Trails, So Little Time

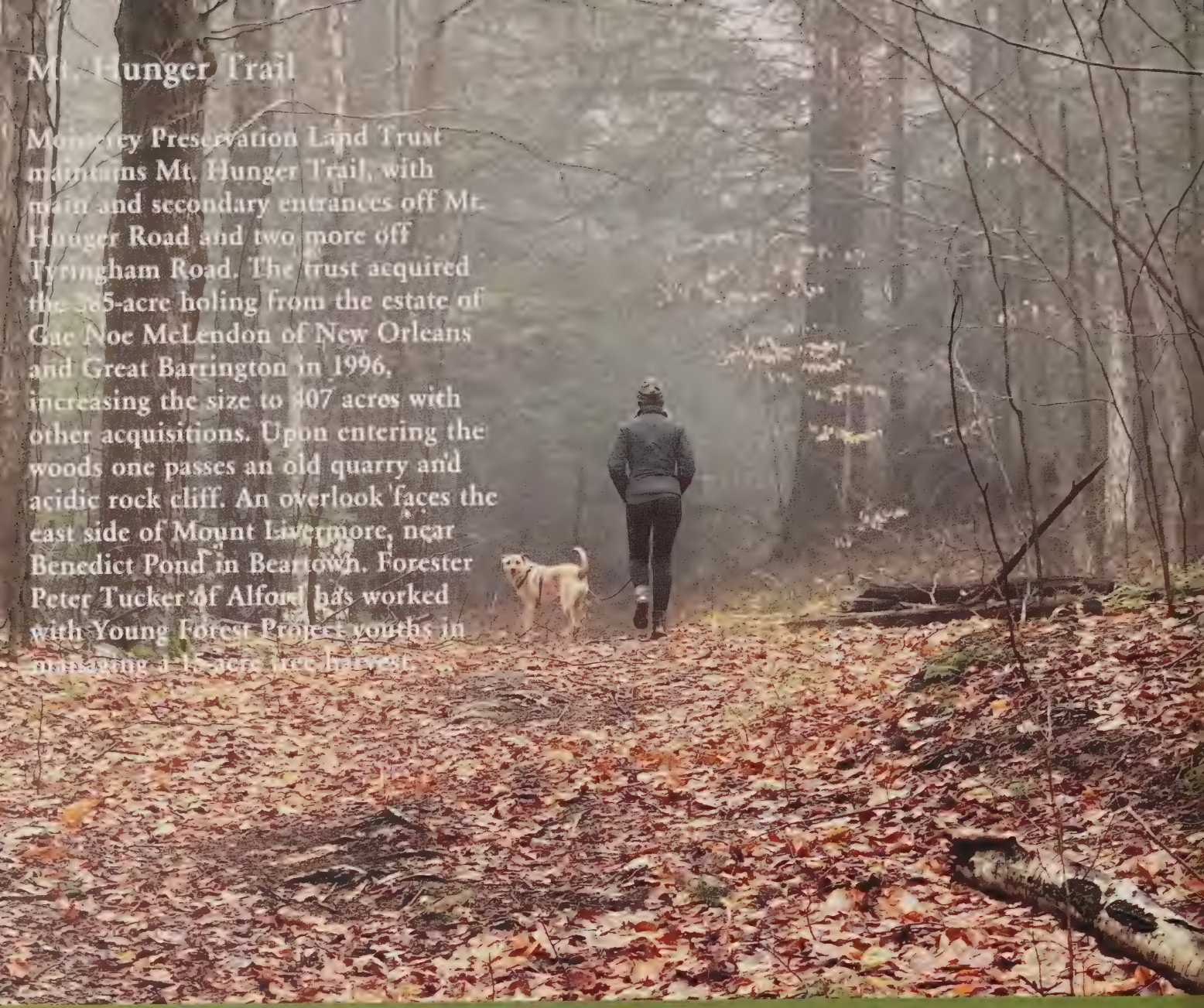


Diane's Trail

Gould Farm enjoyed a fascinating connection with a pioneering Appalachian Trail instigator, Benton H. MacKaye (1879-1975), whose sister Hazel was a resident. MacKaye in 1945 provided Agnes Gould with recommendations on how to manage Gould Farm woodland. He recommended a network of fire prevention trails. Jumping to 1998, Farm forestry leader Bob Rausch steered creation of Diane's Trail in memory of his wife, Diane S. Rausch (1944-1998). He calls it the flattest trail in Berkshire County. Its entry is from Curtis Road. The trail loops to a meditation bench and continues to the Gould Farm Grounds. The first wooden footbridge served from 1995 to 2007 and was replaced in 2009 with an arched span.

Fish Hatchery Trail

Berkshire Natural Fish Hatchery on River Road raises young trout for Massachusetts waterways. The hatchery's buildings and 50 acres are in New Marlborough, another 75 in Monterey. Dr. Samuel Camp and a sportsmen's club used the property as a woodland headquarters for their fishing trips and hunting excursions. The next owner, Pittsburgh banker John S. Scully (1844-1914), gave it to the federal government in 1919. There are hiking trails. Not the least interesting of features is a kettle pond, formed by glacial activity.



Mt. Hunger Trail

Monterey Preservation Land Trust maintains Mt. Hunger Trail, with main and secondary entrances off Mt. Hunger Road and two more off Tyringham Road. The trust acquired the 385-acre holing from the estate of Gue Noe McLendon of New Orleans and Great Barrington in 1996, increasing the size to 807 acres with other acquisitions. Upon entering the woods one passes an old quarry and acidic rock cliff. An overlook faces the east side of Mount Livermore, near Benedict Pond in Beartown. Forester Peter Tucker of Alford has worked with Young Forest Project youths in managing a 15-acre tree harvest.

Rocky Hill & Experimental Forest

Largely forgotten, as it was absorbed into the vast Beartown State Forest, is Rocky Hill, adjacent to Swann State Forest. The latter was created in 1918 through the gift of Susan Ridley Swann of Stockbridge. The commonwealth established a tree nursery here in the 1920s and '30s. In 1936 resident forester Earl Stafford (1887-1976) purchased 80 adjacent acres, the old Langdon Lot. He and his children donated the land, which they called Rocky Hill, to Massachusetts in 1964. In 2001, his son Gordon Stafford arranged for a commemorative marker to be placed near Swann Lodge. The elder Stafford left a second, intriguing legacy, unmarked but along Swann Road. Now retired state forester Conrad Ohman said the 20-acre experimental tract is blocked out as Dick's Meadow, Long Meadow and Back Meadow with plantings of European and Asian species. Some of the 1922 plantings failed – Himalayan silver fir, for example – but many survived – including Chinese chestnut and western yellow pine though identifying the species without a grid key is challenging. After 100 years, many have reached maturity and they afford an attractive canopy to walkers.

Steadman Pond Preserve

Tyringham rakemaker operator Marshall W. Stedman (1859-1935) needed more waterpower for the sawmill started by his father in 1793. In 1917, he purchased the old Amos Smith Farm, 291 acres on Tyringham Road, and put up an impoundment for water, enlarging a small marsh into a pond, to be released and eventually reach Hop Brook as needed for the factory downstream. Explorers following the waterway from the field will find signs of the dam. Steadman relied on waterpower until 1947, when he converted fully to electricity. Steadman Marsh Pond by then had a second use, as home to a short-lived summer camp called Camp Nawadah. Berkshire Natural Resources acquired the 758 holding in 1910 and visitors are welcome to use the small parking area and walk the trail.

The Monterey Native Plants Working Group

By Elizabeth Wolf

A group of Monterey gardeners with diverse backgrounds has formed an ad hoc group grappling with an insistent issue: our gardens, our forests, our land both private and public, are literally being invaded by uninvited plants, all armed with formidable weapons of plant warfare. They have indestructible root systems, use chemical warfare to kill off existing plants, produce vast armies of seeds to outgrow existing native plants, with no native predators warding them off. The most common of these are gout weed, Japanese knot weed, Japanese barberry, bittersweet and burning bush, to a name but a few of the most destructive.

As these invasive plants were becoming increasingly persistent, marching on through our perennial beds, roadsides, streams and forest edges, some relative newcomers on the garden scene appeared on our horizons: native plant nurseries. Well you might ask: what defines a "native plant"?

Native plants are not simply any wild plants - grasses, flowers and trees, etc. Native plants are plants that have evolved in a specific location, (ours being the North Eastern deciduous forests of the USA), over thousands of years. They co-evolved in the same place, with the same climate and land as a whole range of 'living things', from microsopic organisms to insects, bird, fish and animals. Native plants can grow spontaneously or be deliberately grown by people. They are an integral part of the food chain in any one habitat, and if one part of that food chain is broken, the whole habitat is compromised.

Invasive plants, along with use of pesticides, overuse of ornamental plants from other places, and specific gardening practices such as lawns mowed too frequently have all contributed to the loss of vegetation on which all life further up the food chain depends. As a result, pollinators so essential to the food chain have been declining rapidly, with grave consequences for the food supply of all living things, including us.

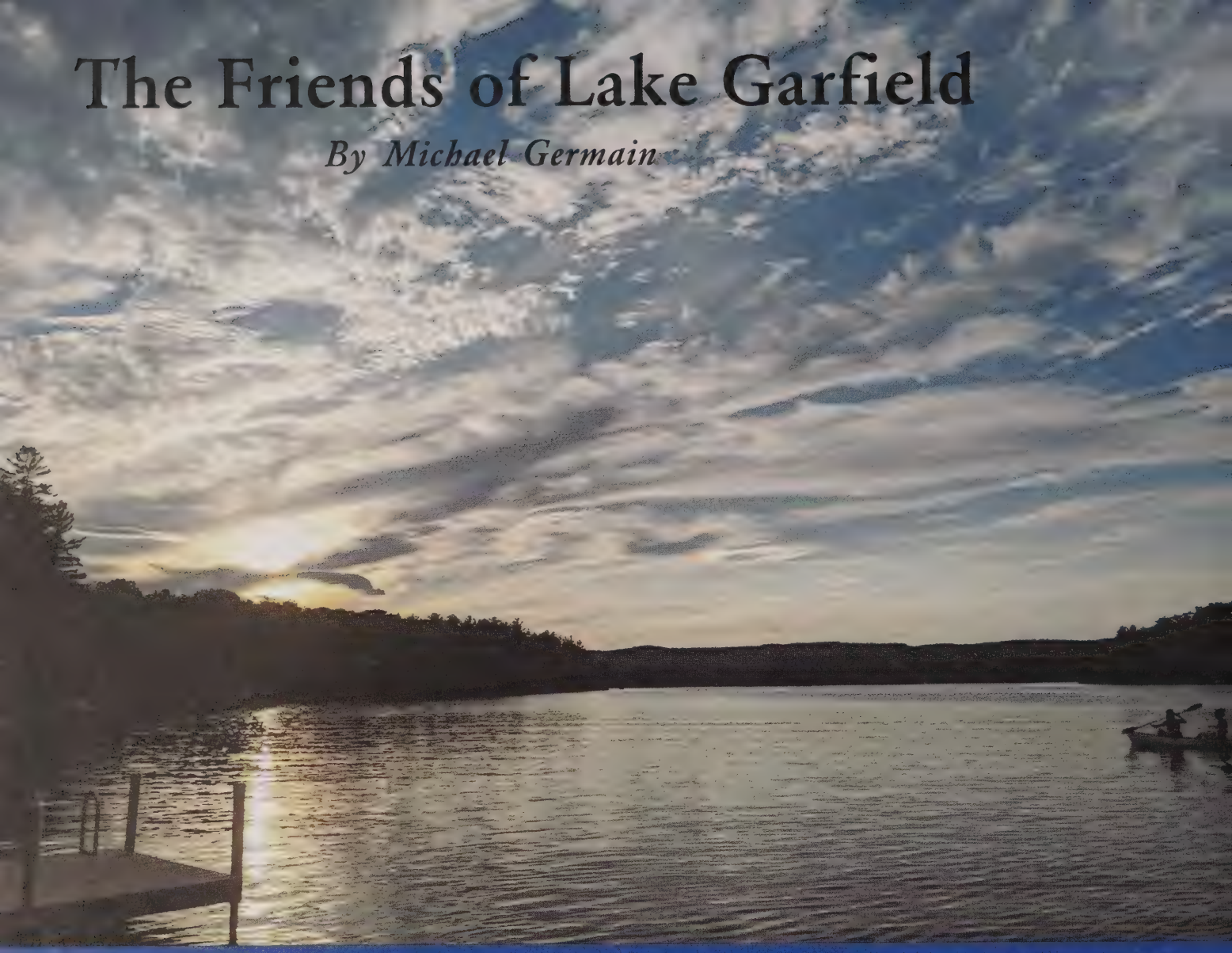
In response to this dilemma, a variety of groups promoting native plantings in our communities across the country, and elsewhere in the world, are growing vigorously. Our group in Monterey is a small one, but we too are growing in size and presence in this, our small community. The town voted in our designation as a "pollinator friendly town" last May, 2022. We are planting demonstration gardens, supporting informational outreach programs, presenting our goals to town committees, and have a growing volunteer group of "Weed Warriors" whacking away at those invading invasives!

We are making contact with numerous other Native Plant groups across the state, and constantly learning JUST HOW TO DO THIS! It's both exciting and challenging, and we encourage all who are interested to come on in!

Our core group includes Kathleen Frome, Colta Ives, Janet Jensen, Judy Kaminstein, Julie Kern, Myrna Rosen, Laurie Shaw and Elizabeth Wolf. Others who have helped include Maureen Banner, Maggie Barkin, JoAnn Bell, Carole Clarin, and Lin Saberski.

The Friends of Lake Garfield

By Michael Germain



The people in Monterey began to work together in the late 1960s to assess and improve lake health. The Lake Garfield Association was championed by Dean Amidon who was the president of the LGA for many years. He was also the Harbor Master of the lake.

The important issues at the time were:

-Health issues concerning the water in the lake since some older cottages took their water from the lake and did not have modern septic systems so there was concern human waste was contaminating the lake.
-Weed control. Native plants often would interfere with swimming and boating.
-Milfoil, an invasive plant, was found in the lake and attempts were made to eliminate it.
-Water safety and boating. Bigger ski boats and jet skis were being used in the lake.
-The dam, which was where the town beach is now, was failing and plans for a new dam, town beach and state boat ramp were in process.
-Once the new dam was built, the lake was able to be drawn down by 6 ft and this was done to prevent damage to docks and later for weed control (as is still done).
-Lake scientists were hired to assess the lake health with testing for phosphorus, oxygen, fish and plant surveys.

In 2003, the name was changed from LGA to the Friends of Lake Garfield (FLG). For many years Pat Eldelstien, Pat Salomon, Julio Rodriguez, Jean Germain and Hy Rosen amongst others were active in FLG. Many of the same issues were addressed and Lake Fest/Monterey Day was created. Over the past 10 years, FLG has had a new structure, with a board and tax free charitable status.

Milfoil has been a consuming issue for the past few years with detailed discussion for best methods of control. Currently the drawdown and Diver Assisted Suction Harvesting (DASH) are the methods that are used. The town is now actively partnered with FLG in lake health.

The Lake Garfield Working Group (LGWG) was formed as a town committee and has representation from FLG, the Select Board and town residents. It makes recommendations to the Select Board concerning funding for lake health.

FLG believes in the "3 legged stool" public, private and government support for sustained effective action.

1. FLG raises money from private people, mostly lakefront residents.
2. The town has for the past 7 years raised money at town meeting for lake health, used for DASH work to control milfoil supplementing FLG funding.
3. The FLG and LGWG have applied for and received a number of grants for lake health:
   -State grant to survey the watershed.
   -State grant to mitigate the storm water run off into the lake leading to high phosphorus leading to weed growth.
   -State grant to promote rain gardens and native plantings at private lake front that will decrease storm water runoff.

Please consider contributing to FLG by visiting our website:
https://www.friendsoflakegarfield.org/donations

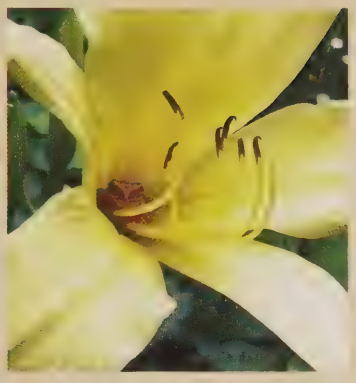
The Community Garden

By Joe Baker

Cheryl Zellman Garden Journal

During the winter of 2009-10, Ruth Green approached the Friends of Wilson McLaughin House committee with a dream she had of creating an organic community garden on the grounds of Edith Wilson's place. This was years before the actual renovation of the house would produce the Monterey Community Center that we know today. Ruth's vision of the garden included a dozen manageable plots with a fence to keep out the four-legged critters. With the committee's initial positive response, Ruth tallied up possible expenses and made an actual plan for the field between Route 23 and the house. The committee realized this would be an ideal use of this portion of the Town property, and the plan moved ahead.

In the spring of 2010 the garden took form. A group of FWMH volunteers cleared brush and rocks. Ruth laid out a larger garden perimeter, Shaylan Burkhart moved a ton of rocks, Mark Little plowed and harrowed the ground. A fence was created including a ditch for buried fencing to discourage diggers, with woven wire above ground topped by an electric fence powered by a solar charger to keep out deer. Ruth expanded the plan to now include eighteen plots, and all were marked out leaving generous paths between all. The first garden, in 2010, was watered by rain and from water tanks supplied and filled by Joe Baker. There was a seedling sale with seedlings raised and donated by Gould Farm; the money raised went a long way to offsetting the fencing expenses.



Garden designed by Valerie Costas.

As years went by, garden features were added and dropped: Ruth organized gardener get-togethers and even bought a screen house to make these bug-free; Kenn Basler designed and built a gravity-fed water system using roof runoff water from the MCC; Susan Sellew donated the first truckload of manure/compost; gardeners swapped off the chore of keeping the grass mowed between plots; annual seedling sales became a fixture. When Ruth's business no longer allowed her time or energy to run the garden, she bowed out of that role, and Peter Heller stepped in to organize the garden structure, making sure each gardener paid the plot fee and understood the guidelines, etc. About the time the MCC was completed and in use, Peter stepped down from that role, and Christine Goldfinger picked up the responsibility for tracking details and communicating with everyone. The screen house was destroyed by hurricane winds; a plastic picnic table courtesy of Michael and Maureen Banner took its place. When the number of gardeners willing and able to mow the grass dwindled, that chore became hired out, which the Town added to its contract. Bonner McAllester picked up the organizer's role when Christine moved away. And through the years the gardener population changed, with people coming in and dropping out, some staying year after year. People contribute according to their talents and physical abilities. Always the summer brings a profusion of colorful flowers and shapely vegetables, a bounty of healthy produce and community goodwill.

Alyssa Anne Lovell

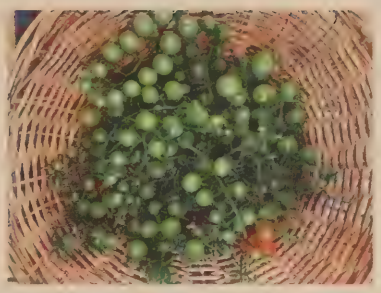
As I considered what to relate about my experience of being in the Monterey Community Garden, I picked up a book of my favorite poems, and it opened right to this piece – a tribute to the milkweed and other natives that grow around the garden's borders and sometimes right in the plots, a tribute to the moments of seeing and being that the garden can provide:

Milkweed

By James Wright

While I stood here, in the open, lost in myself,
I must have looked a long time
Down the corn rows, beyond grass,
The small house,
White walls, animals lumbering toward the barn.
I look down now. It is all changed.
Whatever it was I lost, whatever I wept for
Was a wild, gentle thing, the small dark eyes
Loving me in secret.
It is here. At a touch of my hand,
The air fills with delicate creatures
From the other world.

"Milkweed" by James Wright from The Branch Will Not Break. Copyright © 1992 by James Wright, Wesleyan University Press.



Lauren Behrman

The community garden is a microcosm of all that is good in Monterey. From the shared bed of seedlings donated by Gould Farm for anyone to plant in their own gardens, to fellow plotters stepping up to water my garden when I was away, to neighbors who stopped in to keep me company when they saw me weeding my garden. Generosity of spirit and sharing of resources prevail and we learn and grow together. As someone who grew up in a concrete jungle, I cannot adequately express the joy of tasting my tomatoes and squashes, cabbages and peppers that I planted and nurtured. I have learned so much and have so much more to learn, and I know now that I have the strength of my community of gardeners behind me and I can harness nature and watch her perform small miracles.

watercolor by Beth Hoffman

Janet Jensen

First came the delicate white penstomon and pink obedient plant blossoms, with strawberries on the ground and blue stem grasses and rattle snake master along the sides of the plot. Later, the red bee balm, purple echinacia, blue lobelia and cardinal flowers came forth, attracting bees and butterflies. By the end of the season, goldenrod and astor and mountain mint took over. What might have looked like a mess of weeds to some people, was actually late season natives doing multiple ecological tasks, including providing shelter and forage for many kinds of birds and pollinators. These hardy native perennials made it through the dry summer pretty much on their own. They were planted in the spring and summer of 2021, with the help of a grant from our local cultural council and weekly infusions of new plugs from the Helia Native Nursery CSA. The raised bed on the plot nearest the compost station was the first project of the Monterey Native Plants Working Group, which this season used it to propagate new plantings at the Lake Garfield Beach and elsewhere.

Lin Saberski

The summer of 2022 was my first experience as a "plotter," one of the lucky ones to reserve a spot in our community garden. Alas, the start was not auspicious. A twice-cancelled vacation delayed the start of what I hoped to be a vegetable garden until mid-July. All of the nurseries were out of starter veggies, except a few cucumber and tomato plants which I eagerly planted, along with some lettuce seeds. I decided to seed most of the rest with zinnias, my favorites, and some purple nicotiana plants, courtesy of the McAllesters. I had not done all those fancy things you are supposed to do - test the soil, put down compost and leaf mulch and cover with hay. I did water. And... I waited... and was rewarded! Everything grew, the veggies were delicious and the absolutely beautiful zinnias kept on blooming well into the fall. I read a few years ago a quote by Audrey Hepburn about gardening and just looked it up again. It sums up my experience perfectly: "To plant a garden is to believe in tomorrow." I'll be back again next year. Can't wait! And I have already put down the compost so who knows what miracles are in store.

Sheet-Pan Baked Feta With Broccolini, Tomatoes and Lemon

INGREDIENTS

Yield: 4 servings

1 bunch broccolini, ends trimmed, thick stalks split lengthwise, or broccoli, stalks trimmed and cut into bite-size pieces
1 pint grape tomatoes, halved (about 2 cups)
1 small red onion, peeled, quartered and cut into 2-inch wedges
1 lemon, ½ cut into thin rounds and the remaining ½ left intact, for serving
3 tablespoons olive oil, plus more for serving
1 teaspoon ground cumin
½ teaspoon red-pepper flakes
Kosher salt and black pepper
2 (6- to 8-ounce) blocks feta, cut into 1-inch slices
Cooked orzo or farro, for serving
½ cup fresh basil or cilantro leaves and fine stems, roughly chopped (optional)

PREPARATION

Step 1

Heat the oven to 400 degrees with a rack set in the lower third. On a sheet pan, combine the broccolini, tomatoes, onion and lemon slices with the olive oil and toss. Add cumin and red-pepper flakes, season with salt and pepper, and toss again until evenly coated. Nestle the feta slices into the vegetables. (It's OK if they break apart a little.)

Step 2

Roast 15 to 20 minutes, stirring halfway through but leaving the feta in place, until the broccolini is charred at the tips, the stems are easily pierced with a fork and the tomato skins start to blister and break down.

Step 3

Serve over orzo or farro. Drizzle with olive oil and serve with the remaining lemon half for squeezing. Top with fresh herbs, if using.

By Yasmin Fahr, NYT Cooking

Joyce Vandermark

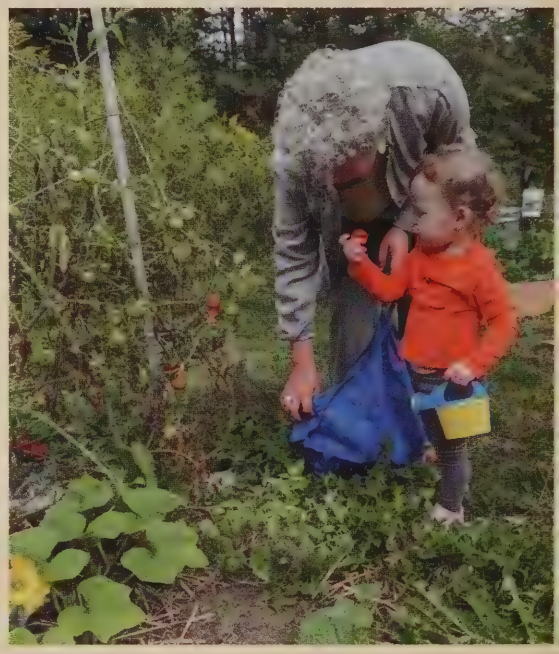
My Husband Alan and I have had vegetable gardens for decades but this is the first time we have had a garden at MCC. There is nothing like eating a fresh organic tomato from the vine that you have nurtured all summer. Plus there is nothing like the look of pure delight as all your friends, family, neighbors and strangers are given gifts of zucchini for weeks and weeks at the end of Summer. It is a shame that cucumbers can't be used as currency.

Dan Zweig

From its beginning, the Monterey Community Garden intrigued me and I closely followed its development and growth. As an avid gardener of veggies on my own property in Monterey, I thought about trying a plot many times, but was never able to work out the time I would need to be able to work a separately located plot.

In summer of 2020, we installed solar panels, and of course, the only sensible place to put them was right in the middle of where my garden had been for 20+ years. It was going to be too late to dig out a whole new area, put up fencing, and to plant in time for the 2020 season.

So for 2020, I got two Monterey Garden plots. I had them tilled, got compost at the garden and from the transfer station, and planted one plot with tomatoes and the other with zucchini, string beans, rutabaga, my favorite lemon cucumbers. I had a garden for 2020. But best of all, I found a community. Deb offered me some extra artichoke seedlings which actually grew and gave me three artichokes by the end of the season. The Banners grew delicata squash which I loved and have grown myself since. And at the end of the season, Bonner helped valiantly when I didn't know what to do with all the rutabaga that was ready for harvest.



So in 2021, with my home garden back ready in a new location, I cut back to one Monterey plot. I grew zucchini, string beans, cukes, rutabaga and kale, and it supplemented what I was growing at home. In May, a garden member had a few potato seedlings which I used to try growing potatoes for the first time. My zucchini at home got some kind of disease and fizzled, but the Community Garden zucchini saved the day. We were giving it away.

In 2022, my usual seedling starts all totally failed (I start them early on a windowsill in NYC and bring them up to Monterey end May and June) and I was late getting started with spring planting. The Monterey Garden plot became my later season place to plant. A couple of hills of zucchini again saved the day when the earlier planted zucchinis at home petered out. Rutabaga grew all season as before but not such a great yield this time. July came. It was late and hard to find seedling plants. But the community at the garden had planted broccoli and cabbage (thank you Gould Farm) in a spare plot which was available to take, transplant, grow, and successfully harvest on my own community plot.

I expect to continue working a plot at the community garden going forward. It has been so special meeting other people (even if I don't always remember their names). We learn from each other, share seeds and seedlings, work together to manage the water supply, and generally support one another.

"The Monterey Community Garden is quite simply one more thing that makes Monterey a terrific place to be."

The Monterey Coffee Club

By Dennis Lynch

The Monterey Coffee Club was founded in the 1980's by an influential group of Montereyans including Henry Wolfer, Art Funk, Rod Palmer, Dick Tryon, Leroy Thorpe and Eddy Briggs. At their morning meetings at the Monterey General Store, they would talk about the local, national and world politics of the day and some even served their town as Select Board members, Finance Committee members, Conservation Commission members, the Gould Farm Board of Directors, while others served their country as soldiers in WWII, Korea and Vietnam. Over the years, the club membership expanded to include Dean and Fran Amidon, Ray Tryon, George Emmons, Marty Chernoff, George Munson, Peter Wolf, Mike Storch, Neil Ellenoff, Robert Ellenoff, Bill Bell, Bud Mane, David O'Neal, Stan Ross, Gerry Clarin, Ray Coddington, Len Simons, Mike Feltser, Steve Weisz, Kenn Basler, Colleen Johnson, Bill Enlund, Roger Tryon, Steve Dube, Steve Kahn (voted President for Life), Dick Nault, Larry Klein, Jules Dalhman, Joe Wasiuk, Cliff Weiss and Mort Sternberg followed by more recent members including Bruce Wilkens, George Cain, Dennis Lynch, Scott Margols, Mike Wittkowski, Doug McTavish, Joe D'Lea and Mark Andrews.

Front Row: Rod Palmer, Joe D'Elia, Steve Kahn, Dennis Lynch, Scott Margol
Middle Row: Stan Ross, Steve Dube, Mark Andrews, Gerry Clarin, George Cain, Mike Storch, BJ Johnson, Jim Mazza, Bruce Wilkins, Steve Weisz
Back Row: Kenn Basler, Cliff Weiss, Doug MacTavish, George Munson, Jeff Buyse, Bill Enlund

Today's club members are an eclectic and mature group of retired engineers, lawyers, architects, real estate agents, doctors and even a west Kansas modern farmer. They are just as interested and perhaps more concerned about the politics of the day and the direction of our country especially in this era of dramatic societal, political and environmental changes.

The Coffee Club is a part of the fabric of the Monterey community and on occasion reaches out to help provide some financial support for local programs at the Monterey Library, Monterey Community Center, the Berkshire Humane Society, and even hurricane relief efforts in Florida and Louisiana, an Arbor Day tree planting, the rebuilding of Gould Farm's Roadside Cafe, as well as, contributing half of their $2 cups of coffee earnings to the Monterey United Church of Christ where they currently meet from 8:30AM to 10:00AM in the basement on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays followed by Saturday morning at the Monterey Community Center. They, like so many Montereyans, are also looking forward to having their cups of coffee and celebrate the long awaited reopening of the Monterey General Store and the next chapter of the vibrant and beautiful town of Monterey.

All are welcome to join us for a cup of coffee and some friendly chatter about the doings in Monterey.

Monterey Community Suppers

By Sally Pullen

After the horror of 9/11/2001 the people of Monterey felt an overwhelming need for community and were seeking for a means to come together in a way that would provide solace in the wake of that tragedy. It had been years since community suppers were happening on a regular basis. The church saw the largest congregation on the Sunday after 9/11 that it had seen in a long while, and out of that gathering came the idea to resume the community potlucks. A committee was formed and the project was launched. Potlucks were held every month except for the summer months for nearly 20 years until they were interrupted by the coming of the COVID pandemic.

Each community supper was comprised of the food and a program to follow. The variety of programs was truly remarkable. One night we saw a llama come through the church basement door! Musical programs included a Barbershop quartet and various local groups such as the Bottom of the Bucket of Gould Farm fame. We had several evenings where Monterey folks read to us from their own writings, and at Christmas holiday time people were invited to read us a story. There were many historical talks over the years including the history of sanitation (outhouses!) and the story of the potash industry that was important in Colonial times. A local amateur naturalist astounded the gathering with his videos of wildlife taken by motion-sensitive cameras set up in the woods and fields. Who could forget the time when three women shared their experience of walking the famous Camino de Santiago pilgrimage in Spain? Other local folks shared their expertise on many topics such as genealogy and Einstein's Theory of Relativity– we all understood it for at least a moment! Artists shared their work and others shared their practical know-how.

The community suppers provided Monterey with what was needed in 2001 and is still needed today–Community! The opportunity to gather together, enjoy good food, visit with friends and neighbors, learn something useful, and be entertained and enriched by the offerings of others is priceless. **We are fortunate to have such a community!**

Potluck suppers are unpredictable; that's what makes them fun. Most of the Community suppers in Monterey have been surprisingly well balanced between main dishes, salads and desserts. However, there have been a few memorable dinners where we had NO desserts, and once we had ALL desserts! Early one Fall, I brought my favorite corn casserole. A few people asked for the recipe. Next thing we knew there was a corn casserole at every potluck for the next three or four months.

Here is the recipe:

CORN CASSEROLE
1 can cream style corn
1 12oz can corn nibblets (save the liquid)
1 cup sour cream
1 stick butter, softened
1 box Jiffy corn muffin mix
2 eggs, beaten
2 Tablespoons sugar
½ tsp salt, or to taste
Measure liquid from corn and add milk to make one cup. Mix all ingredients together.
Bake in a greased 9X13 inch glass baking dish at 350 degrees for 30–35 minutes.
NOTE: Mix and let it sit in the refrigerator overnight for best results.

Acknowledgments

As the editor of "*Monterey, Massachusetts: 175th Anniversary Commemorative Book*," I would like to express my deepest gratitude to everyone involved in bringing this project to life.

First, I want to thank the Friends of the Monterey Library group for supporting me throughout this project. Everyone who attended the many meetings shared their different ideas as to what this book should encompass. Steve Moore and Mary Makuc shared their vast knowledge of the townspeople of Monterey, and knew who could fulfill all the different roles needed. Carey Vella and Alyssa Gelbard, and their love of Google Docs, kept the project organized and moving forward. I also want to thank all the advertisers whose support was essential to the success of this project.

I am especially grateful to all the writers who contributed their time and knowledge. Their stories and memories provided the foundation for this book, and it was an honor to be entrusted with sharing them. Thanks also to the many photographers whose pictures captured the essence of those stories. It was a pleasure to collaborate with the many talented people who donated their time to this book.

Finally, thank you to my family for putting up with the many months of asking me whether I am listening, only to hear my rote response: "No, I'm working on the book." I am listening now if you can remember what you wanted to ask me! In particular, I would like to extend my heartfelt thanks to my daughter, Catherine, who helped with the creative design of this book. Her patience in teaching me to use the online design program, all without too many eye rolls or exclamations of "I already showed you that!", was truly appreciated. I am grateful for her hard work and dedication throughout the process. Her attention to detail and artistic talent are evident on every page of this book.

Thank you again to everyone who made this book a reality. It was a privilege to work on this project. It is my sincere hope that this book serves as a testament to the greatness of Monterey and the extraordinary individuals who call it home.

- Cynthia Makuc

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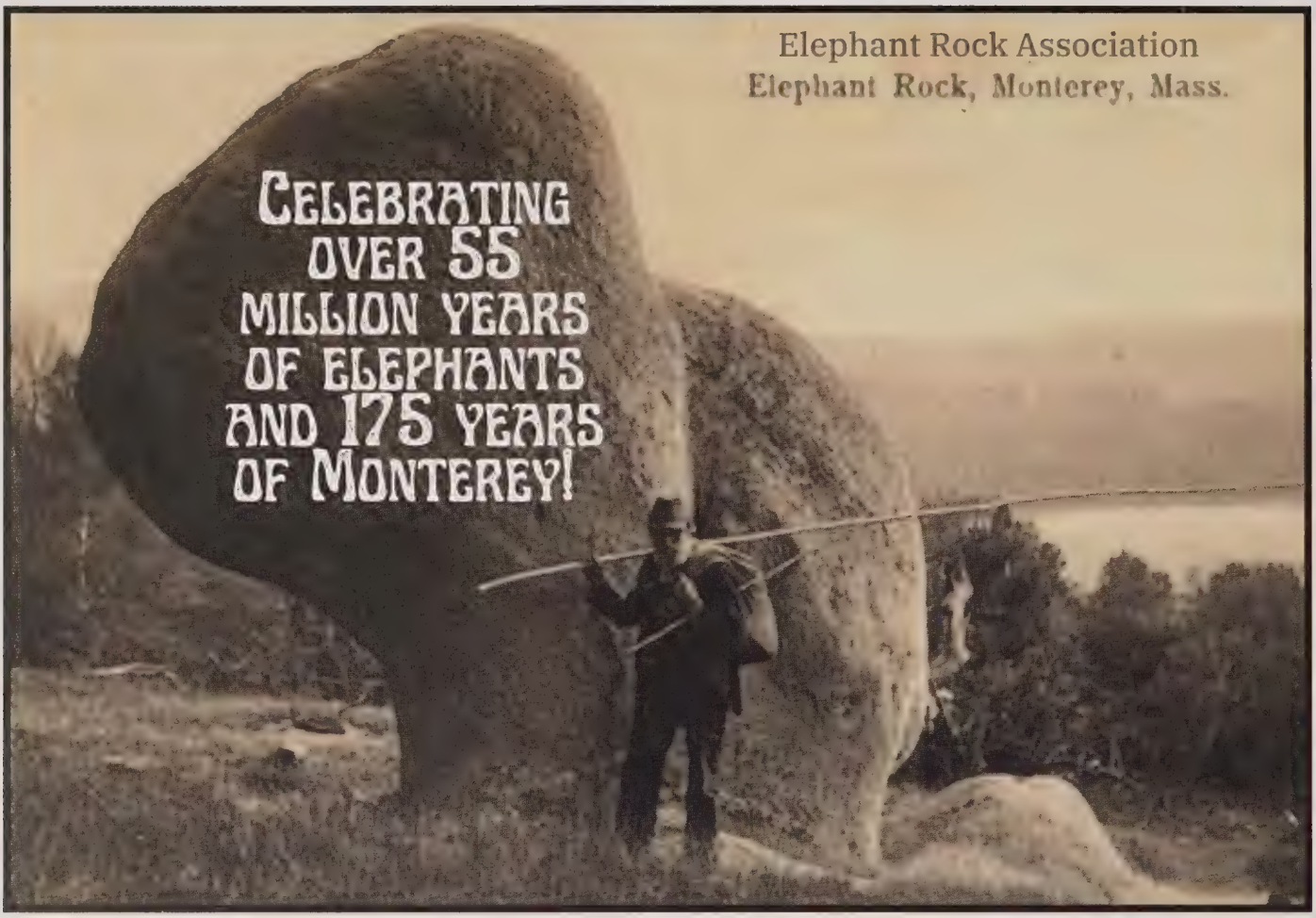
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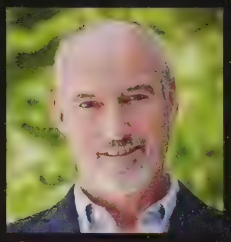
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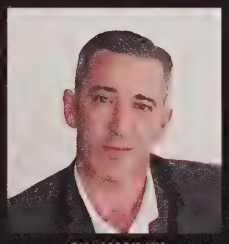
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